

FRONTISPICE



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Ch. 790/61.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MR. BERQUIN,

BY LUCAS WILLIAMS, ESQ.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

AND

EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-FOUR COPPER PLATES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

V O L. III.

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Cook So

THE
CHILDREN's FRIEND.

ALFRED AND DORINDA.

ON a fine summer's day, Mr. Vernon had promised to go a walking with his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, in a very fine garden a little way out of town. He went up to his dressing-room to prepare himself, and the children remained in the parlour. Alfred, delighted with the pleasures that he promised himself from his walk, jumping and running carelessly about the room, brushed the skirt of his coat against a very valuable flower that his father was rearing with infinite pains, and which he had unfortunately just brought in from before the window, in order to preserve it

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from

from the heat of the sun. O, brother! what have you done? said Dorinda, taking up the flower which was broken off from the stalk. She was holding it still in her hand, when her father, who had finished dressing himself, entered the parlour. How, Dorinda, said Mr. Vernon in an angry tone, do you pluck a flower that you have seen me take so much pains to rear in order to have seed from it? Dear papa, answered Dorinda trembling, pray do not be angry! I am not angry, replied Mr. Vernon, growing more calm; but as you may take a fancy to pluck flowers too in the garden that I am going to see, and which does not belong to me, you will not take it amiss that I leave you at home.

Dorinda looked down, and held her tongue. Alfred could not keep silence any longer. He approached his father with tears in his eyes, and said, It was not my sister, papa; it was I that plucked off the flower: so it is I that must stay at home. Take my sister along with you.

Mr. Vernon, touched with the ingenuous behaviour of his children, and their affection for each other, kissed them, and said, You

are



are both dear to me alike, and you shall both go with me.

Alfred and Dorinda leaped for joy. They went therefore to walk in the garden, where they saw plants of the most curious sorts. Mr. Vernon with pleasure observed Dorinda press her clothes on each side, and Alfred take up the skirts of his coat under his arms, for fear of doing any damage as they walked among the flowers. The flower that he had lost would, without doubt, have given him a good deal of pleasure; but he enjoyed much more in seeing mutual affection, candour and prudence, flourish in his children.

THE RUFFLES AND GARTERS.

Letitia, Serina.

Letitia. **W**HAT a charming day is Christmas-day, when one has such handsome presents! How I long to see it!

Serina. O! do not speak about it, sister. The first five-and-twenty days of this dull gloomy month, appear much longer than

the rest all put together. What fine things we are to have! I dream about them every night, and wake a dozen times, when Christmas-day is the first thing that takes up my thoughts.

Letitia. Do you recollect, last year, how all mama's acquaintance brought us play-things and sweet-meats! We had really so much, we knew not where to put them.

Serina. They were spread upon a large square table, and mama came out to call us with her charming voice. Come, come, said she, and take these presents. She embraced us, and shed tears. I never saw her half so happy as that day, when she beheld us jump about the room for joy.

Letitia. I think, indeed, she seemed much happier than ourselves.

Serina. One would have thought that she had received the Christmas-boxes.

Letitia. There must consequently be a pleasure, I suppose, in giving: so I will tell you what we ought to do, *Letitia*. We are very little, and of course have little that we can give. But still we have it in our power to get this pleasure.

Serina. How, pray, *Letitia*?

Letitia.

Letitia. Why, it wants a fortnight now, you know, of Christmas-day : and we both have money in our pockets.

Serina. Yes ; I have upwards of a crown. What shall we do then ?

Letitia. You recollect, our fair comes on to-morrow. Well then, we must get up early, and work hard, and study diligently, and do every part of our business well, that in the afternoon we may have leave to go and see the fair. Now I have more a good deal than nine-shillings. We will each take half our money, and go buy the prettiest things that we can see. We will bring them home all cleverly wrapped up, and early upon Christmas-day give them to our gardener's children.

Serina. Yes ; but then, Letitia, the poor woman's children, who comes here to work occasionally, must have something likewise.

Letitia. Right ; I did not think of them. O, how delighted they will be ! I fancy the poor little children, in their joy, will say that they never had a Christmas-box before.

Serina. In that case, we shall be the first to cause them such a deal of pleasure.—O,

my dear, dear sister! I must hug you for that thought!

Letitia. Yes, but stay a little. I have another in my head. This money which we design to spend—

Serina. Is ours; and we may lay it out as we think proper.

Letitia. Yes, that is true. But—

Serina. Well, but what?

Letitia. We had it from mama, you know; it was her present to us, as in general all our money is. Now, sister, if we lay this money out in presents for the children, it will then be mama that has made these presents, and not we.

Serina. That is true indeed; and yet we have no other money.

Letitia. We can, notwithstanding, hit on some expedient for the purpose, I dare say. For in the first place, I can work indifferently at my needle, and you knit with tolerable ease.

Serina. Of what use will this be?

Letitia. You will not be long before you have knit a pair of garters for papa; and I have been this fortnight at a pair of ruffles, which he does not know. What then hinders,

ders, pray, but we may finish these two articles a day or two on this side Christmas?

Serina. Well, and if we do, what then?

Letitia. Why then we can present the garters and the ruffles to papa, who will be glad to buy them of us, and pay thrice as much as they are worth.—

Serina. Yes; I am sure of that. But still the fair will be to-morrow; and we cannot before then finish what you know is to procure the money that we would lay out at the fair.

Letitia. Nor is it necessary; for the money that we shall want, to make our purchase at the fair, we may borrow of ourselves; and afterwards repay it upwards of two days before we make our presents. Thus then we shall really have it in our power to say, that we alone gave Christmas-boxes to the poor children.

Serina. A good scheme indeed! Well, you are always the readiest at these matters, I confess; but then that is because you are the eldest.

Letitia. Bless me! How we shall both rejoice, in being able to afford them so much pleasure!

Serina. I could wish that to-morrow were the day.

Letitia. Never fear, it will soon come now; and we shall be happy even in the expectation of its coming.

A B E L.

LITTLE Abel was scarce turned of eight years old, when he had the misfortune to lose his mother. It afflicted him so much, that nothing could restore him to the gaiety so natural to young children. Mrs. Donaldson, his aunt, was forced to take him to her house, for fear his sadness should still aggravate her brother's inconsolable distress.

They went, however, frequently to see him; and at last, the time was come for going out of mourning. Abel therefore quitted his; and, though his heart was full of sorrow, he endeavoured to assume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this sensibility: but, alas! it only occasioned him more sorrow, by causing him to reflect, that he had ever lost the mother of this

this amiable child; and this reflexion, every one remarked, was bringing him with sorrow to the grave.

It was a fortnight now, since Abel had been to see him as usual. His aunt always urged some pretext or other during that time, as often as he wished to go. The truth is, Mr. Donaldson was dangerously ill. He durst not ask to see his child, from apprehension that the sight of his condition might too much affect him. These paternal struggles, joined with the former depression of his spirits, so exhausted him, that very soon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birth-day.

On the morrow, Abel, having waked betimes, tormented Mrs. Donaldson so much for leave to go and wish his father joy, that she at last consented; but he saw his mourning was now to go on again.

And why this ugly black, said he, to-day, when we are going to papa?—Who is dead now, aunt?

His aunt was so afflicted, that she could not speak a word.

Well then, said Abel, if you will not tell me, I will enquire of my papa.

At this she could no longer refrain from weeping, but burst out into a flood of tears, and said, It is he, it is he himself that is dead.

What, my papa dead ! answered he. O heaven ! take pity on me. My mama first dead ! and now papa ! Unhappy as I am, and parentless ! what will become of me ? O my papa ! mama !

These words were scarcely uttered, when he fell into a swoon ; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to himself again.

Poor child, said she, do not be thus afflicted. Your parents are still living.

Abel. Yes ; but where ?

Mrs. Donaldson. In heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place ; and will at all times have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent, and upright, they will pray that God may bless you ; and God certainly *will* bless you. This was the last prayer that your father uttered yesterday, when dying.

Abel.

Abel. Yesterday ! when I was thinking of the pleasure that I should have in seeing him this morning.—Yesterday ! Then he is not buried yet ? O, aunt, pray let me see him ! He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me ; and perhaps I, on the contrary, should have afflicted him. But now, as I cannot possibly give him any pain, I would once more behold him, for the last, last time ! Pray let me go and see him, my dear aunt !

Mrs. Donaldson. Well then, we will go together, if you promise to be calm. You see my tears, and how much I am grieved for having lost my brother. He was always doing me some good or other : I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me. Notwithstanding which, I yield myself, you see, to Providence that watches over us. Be calm, then, my dear child !

Abel. Yes, yes ; I must indeed be calm. But pray, aunt, carry me to my papa, that I may see at least his coffin.

Mrs. Donaldson then took him by the hand and instantly went out : the day was

very dark and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house, the mutes were at the door, and Mr. Donaldson's late friends and neighbours were standing round his coffin. They wept bitterly, and praised the integrity of the deceased. Little Abel rushed into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but at last raised his head a little, crying out, See how your little Abel weeps for having lost you! When mama died, you consoled me, and yet wept yourself; but now, who will console me for your loss! Oh! my papa! my good papa!

He could utter no more: his sorrow almost strangled him. His mouth was open, and his tongue seemed motionless. His eyes at one time fixed; and at another, rolling in their sockets, had no tears to shed. His aunt had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him to a neighbour's house, begging her to keep him till his father's burial was over; for she durst not think of carrying him to see it.

Very

Very soon the bell was set a tolling. Abel heard it; and the woman to whose care he had been entrusted having quitted the apartment for a moment, he availed himself of the opportunity, got out, and ran that instant to the church-yard, whither the funeral was gone. The minister had finished, and the grave was filling up;—when, all at once, a cry was heard of, *Bury me with my papa!* and Abel jumped into the grave.

The mourners were affected at it: Abel was drawn out all pale and speechless, and, in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was for upwards of three days continually fainting; and his aunt could not bring him to be composed, even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At length his first excess of anguish was allayed: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of the father; therefore he repaired to Mrs. Donaldson, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home and was a father to him. Abel soon considered

himself

himself as really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground in his affection. At the age of twenty, he conducted all the business of his benefactor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future ; to which recompense he added his beloved daughter.— Abel hitherto had maintained his aunt out of the little perquisites belonging to him ; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remnant of her days. But never did his father's birth-day come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory what he once had suffered at that season ; and to those sensations which then affected him did he impute the principles of honour and integrity that he ever afterwards cultivated during the whole of a long life.

VERSES ADDRESSED BY MAURICE TO LADY
ABBERVILLE. (See Vol. I. p. 132.)

YOUR kindness, madam, ev'ry day re-
new'd
With cordial amity and tender grace,
Once made me dread, lest feeble gratitude
Should with your friendship hold unequal
pace.

But no, dear lady! 'twas a groundless fear:
My heart, a debtor for its happiness,
As reason ripens, each succeeding year
Shall ask her aid its throbings to express.

The joy which from this grateful task I feel,
If such your gen'rous acts to you convey,
Light shall old age upon your virtues steal,
And all your hours glide happily away!

THE COMPLIMENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

UPON a certain new-year's day, little
Peregrine came into the parlour, just
before breakfast was ready. He advanced,

and with the greatest gravity saluting his papa, began as follows, in a solemn tone of voice :

" As formerly the Romans were accustomed every new-year's day to wish their friends all happiness ; so I, thrice honoured father, come—So I, thrice honoured father, come—come—come—"

The little orator at this stopped short. It was in vain ; he fretted, rubbed his forehead, and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forth coming. The poor little boy was vexed, and quite in agitation. Mr. Vesey saw and pitied his embarrassment, embraced him tenderly, [REDACTED] follows : " Truly a most elegant oration ! You yourself, no doubt, composed it ? "

Peregrine. No, papa ; you are very good to think so, but I am not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother that drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me that it was in periods ; and the periods, he said, were rounded off into the bargain. Look ye, I will but run it over once, and you shall hear it then : or would you rather hear mama's ? I have
that

that perfectly, I am sure. It is extracted from the Grecian History.

Mr. Vesey. No, no, Peregrine, it is not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's.

Peregrine. Oh, he was a fortnight, I assure you, at the work; and I employed a deal of time in learning them. What an unlucky thing that I should now forget, when I most wanted to remember it! No longer ago than last night, believe me, I delivered the whole speech without the least hesitation, in the servant's room, and speaking to your wig-block, if it could but tell you.

Mr. Vesey. I was then at study in my closet, and to comfort you, must say, I heard it.

Peregrine, (brightening up.) Did you?—I am glad of that! and do not you think, papa, that I spoke it very well?

Mr. Vesey. Surprisingly, I must acknowledge.

Peregrine. Oh, but it was very fine!

Mr. Vesey. To say the truth, your brother has quite crammed it full of eloquence.

And

And yet, I should have liked a single word or two much better from yourself.

Peregrine. But sure, papa, to say that I wish the person to whom I am speaking a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure.

Mr. Vesey. Yes; but why then nothing else? as if, instead of offering such a naked compliment, you could not previously have thought within yourself, what I wished most of all to enjoy during the course of this new year.

Peregrine. Oh, that is not difficult. You wish, no doubt, to have your health, to see your family, your friends and fortune flourish, and to enjoy a deal of pleasure.

Mr. Vesey. Well; do not you wish me all this?

Peregrine. Yes, with all my heart.

Mr. Vesey. What hinders then, but you could have made me up yourself a charming compliment, without requiring the assistance of another?

Peregrine. Really, I did not think myself so learned; but it is always thus, when you instruct me; since I find out things which I did not think were in me. I can now

now make compliments to every one I know. I need say nothing but what I have mentioned just this moment.

Mr. Vesey. It may suit, I must acknowledge, many people; but should certainly be different with respect to others.

Peregrine. Yes, I understand you pretty well, papa; but I do not know what the difference should be; so explain it to me, now we are alone.

Mr. Vesey. With all my heart. There are a multitude of what are called good things, that one may wish any person whatsoever to enjoy; such as what you mentioned just now: there are others, that refer to different individuals according to their situations, age and duties. For example; one may wish to a man who is happy already, the long continuation of his happiness; to an unhappy man, the end of his affliction; to a man in office, that God's providence may bless his labours for the public welfare, give him necessary penetration, with the gift of perseverance to continue in them, and establish the enjoyment of felicity among his countrymen, by way of recompence on his endeavours. To an old

man

man one may wish a length of life exempt from every inconveniency ; to children, on the other hand, the preservation of their parents, progress in their studies, with a love of arts ; to parents, the completion of their hopes, in bringing up their children ; every species of prosperity to such as are our benefactors : and the long continuation of their kindness. It is our duty even to be-think us of our enemies, and to pray that God may show them the injustice of their conduct, and inspire them with a wish of meriting our friendship.

Peregrine. O, papa, how much I thank you ! I have now a budget full of compliments for every one. I shall know what sort of wishes they will expect, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them : but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in preference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them ?

Mr. Vesey. Because our life is, as it were, a ladder, every step of which is represented by a year. It is natural that our friends should flock together, and make merry with

us,

us, when our foot has got in safety on the step next to *that* which we lately trod, and to express their wish that we should climb the rest with equal safety. Do you understand me?

Peregrine. O papa, quite clearly.

Mr. Vesey. It is however in my power to make this clearer still, by using what we call another figure.

Peregrine. Ah, let us have it, pray, papa.

Mr. Vesey. Do you remember, then, our going to the top of that fine church in London, called St. Paul's?

Peregrine. Oh! what a charming prospect from the golden gallery there! Why, you remember we could see all London and a great deal of the country from it!

Mr. Vesey. Greenwich hospital particularly struck your eye; and as you could not then have any notion of the distance, you proposed that we should, the following week, go there on foot to dinner.

Peregrine. Well, papa; and did I not, pray, walk the whole long journey like a man?

Mr.

Mr. Vesey. Yes, well enough. I had no reason to find fault with your performance; but remember, I took care, at every mile-stone on the road, to make you sit and rest a little.

Peregrine. So you did indeed; and it was, in my opinion, no bad idea at the first, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows at any time what distance one has walked, how much is still to come, and so regulates one's pace accordingly.

Mr. Vesey. In this you have yourself explained the advantages which arise from our dividing life into those equal portions that we call years: for every year is something like a mile-stone in the road of life.

Peregrine. I understand you. And the seasons are, perhaps, so many quarter-miles, which tell us that we shall very soon arrive at the next stone.

Mr. Vesey. Your observation is extremely just; and I am glad that this little journey is still fresh in your remembrance. If you take it in a proper point of view, it will exhibit a true picture of life. Remember, if you can, the different circumstances that took

took place while you were posting on to Greenwich ; tell them in the order in which they fell out, as well as you are able, and I will make the application.

Peregrine. I should scarce remember the whole busines better, if it had happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits, and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot, and made a number of trips ; I do not well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey would be rather long. I followed your advice, and had no reason to repent. Upon the way, I asked for information at the sight of every thing of which I did not know the meaning, and you were so good as to tell me. When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and you read a story-book that you had brought out in your pocket to divert me. Then we got upon our feet again ; and as we went along, you told me many other things not only useful but diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, though we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty,

hearty, and made afterwards a charming dinner.

Mr. Vesey. Very faithfully related, Peregrine! but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man whom you caught by the arm, if you remember, to prevent him from falling upon a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broke his legs; the assistance that you afforded a poor washerwoman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief of linen which had fallen out of the cart; but particularly the alms that you gave to several people on the road.

Peregrine. Do you think, then, papa, that I forgot them? I know that we should not boast of any good, that we may have had the opportunity of doing.

Mr. Vesey. And on that account, I am greatly pleased in dwelling on it, as a recompence for so much modesty. It is just that I should repay you some small portion of the joy which you caused me.

Peregrine. Oh! I saw tears standing in your eye, not once alone, nor twice, but often.

often. I was so delighted ! if you knew how much that sight made me forget my weariness ! I walked much the better for it. But let me have the application that you just mentioned.

Mr. Vesey. It is as follows, Peregrine. Give me all the attention in your power.

Peregrine. Fear nothing. I will not lose a syllable, sir, of what you tell me, I assure you.

Mr. Vesey. The look, then, which you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflexions of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk that you chose to Greenwich, is the journey which we propose to ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wished to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trips, is the natural impetuosity of youth which would excite us to the worst excesses, if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it. The instruction that you derived, as we were walking on, from reading and con-

versing with me, and the actions of good-will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself, though there had fallen a deal of rain, and even hail. These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life there are no other means than the performance of our duty, to keep off disquietude, and to cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune which would otherwise, perhaps, go near to overwhelm us: and the comfortable meal that we made at the conclusion of our journey, is no other than an emblem of the recompence which God gives us when we die, to crown those virtuous actions that we have laboured to perform while in this world.

Peregrine. Yes, yes, papa; all this agrees wonderfully well, and I shall have a deal of happiness, I see beforehand, in the year that is now begun.

Mr. Vesey. It rests with yourself alone to make the year quite happy; but once more, let us return to our excursion. Do you recollect when in going round, that we might see a little of the park, we came upon

upon Blackheath? The heavens were then serene, and we could see behind us all the way that we had been walking.

Peregrine. Yes, indeed, papa! and I was proud of having walked so far!

Mr. Vesey. By *proud*, you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason which now dawns within you, pauses and casts back a look upon the way that you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making, in the least degree, provision for your wants. It was your mother who gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to support you. How do we desire you to repay us? We want nothing more, than that you should yourself endeavour to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by acquiring a due notion of your several duties; and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful to God's goodness, who has willed that you should be born of parents possessing wherewithal to bring you up in ease and honour? Have

you always shewn those parents the obedience and respect that you owe them? Have you paid attention to the precepts of your teachers? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those who wait upon you, with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation, what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct, and that moderation which we, by our instruction and example, are at all times doing what we can to set before you?

Peregrine. Ah, papa, let us not look so much at what is past, but to the future. Every thing that I should have done, I promise by God's blessing to do hereafter.

Mr. Vesey. That is well said: embrace me, therefore, Peregrine. I accept your promise, and confine to its performance all the wishes that I need make, on my side, for your happiness, on this renewal of the year.

E U P H R A S I A.

Euphrasia, (to her doll.)

WELL, Miss Obstinate! you won't then, I suppose, do what I bid you? you'll be always with your neck as stiff as if you were a *sentry* in St. James's park. Hold up your head! and look at me! See how I put my neck.—There.—Don't you think that's charming! O, you're mighty dull this morning. Take care, Miss, however, and don't put me in a passion; or depend upon it I shall be as angry with you, as mama was yesterday with me, for beating Pompey.

Mrs. Stepney, (having heard a few of these last words.) Why, you seem quite serious! Has your doll failed in her behaviour towards you?

Euphrasia. I am showing her what airs and graces would become her; and she won't even hear me.

Mrs. Stepney. I confess, it cannot but displease one, that such salutary counsel should be thrown away. However, you were speaking, I believe, of being angry.

Euphrasia. O, no, no, mama : I was only finding fault ;—but very likely you heard every thing that I said ?

Mrs. Stepney. Suppose me not to have heard a syllable ; now let me know what you were saying to her. Is it possible that you can object to my knowing your little secrets ?

Euphrasia. No, mama, I cannot. On the contrary, I am sensible that young ladies should have no secrets between them and their mama.

Mrs. Stepney. Well said, my little love ! and therefore tell me word for word, as well as you are able, every thing that you said to your doll.

Euphrasia. Well then, mama, she would not hold her head a little thus, upon one side, and I was telling her that if she refused to follow my directions, I would be as angry with her, as you were with me last night for beating Pompey.

Mrs. Stepney. You suppose then that I was angry with you ?

Euphrasia. I imagined, when I saw you looking at me, it was not as you were used to do ; and therefore I supposed so.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stepney. No: it was not anger, it was sadness. In the first place, I was sorry that you could have a heart to hurt your dog; and in the next place, I was apprehensive lest Pompey might avenge himself, if you went on to strike him without mercy: if you recollect, I told you so; and as you seemed to be so much offended at my admonitions, I was fearful that you would shew yourself quite disobedient in the end: on which account I was so much afflicted, that I could not but shed tears. You saw me do so; and therefore you supposed me in a passion.—In a passion!—out upon the word! I should have been then as faulty in respect to you, as you were in respect to Pompey.

Euphrasia. But are you not angry, mama, at what I told my doll?

Mrs. Stepney. Well; not a word of being angry: but respecting certain airs of coquetry that you wished to teach your doll, and of which you even gave a pattern yourself—I should be glad to touch on that a little.

Euphrasia. They set me off, as I thought, to advantage; for Miss Humphreville, not long since, told me so.

Mrs. Stepney. I think, I ought to know better than Miss Humphreville; and I assure you, I am not at all of her opinion.

Euphrasia. Yet I practised something of that kind, mama, before my looking-glass last night, and thought it became me mightily.

Mrs. Stepney. You imagine then, that such twists and monkey tricks are worth the native grace of childhood! it is plain, you do not know to what they tend.

Euphrasia. To what, pray? Tell me.

Mrs. Stepney. Why to nothing less, Euphrasia, than to make you give into the habit of an odious affectation, and be as hypocritical in heart as in carriage.

Euphrasia. Bless me! is that true, mama? I am very glad then, that I was drawn into this conversation on the subject; as without it, I should certainly have run the risque of falling into such a vice, without intending it.

Mrs. Stepney. And I, Euphrasia, full of confidence in your ingenuous candor, should probably not have perceived it, till the malady had made so great a progress, as to render difficult the application of a proper

per remedy. You see, then, of what consequence it is to pay no manner of attention to the instruction which children, hardly more experienced than yourself, may give; but rather to consult *me* always, when you want advice.

Euphrasia. Yes, yes, mama: I promise you I will, since you will give me good instruction. How should I feel hereafter, were you to charge me with this vice of affectation, as you know you have done with respect to other faults, in company? They have always been trifling faults; and yet, to be reproved in public for them, shamed me: but for affectation—Oh, I verily believe, to be accused of that would kill me with confusion.

Mrs. Stepney. I have sometimes been obliged to take this method of public accusation, that the lesson I designed you, might impress itself more deeply; but believe me, we may strike a plan out that will save you, for the time to come, all such humiliation.

Euphrasia. Ah, mama, how good you are! I shall be glad to have it.

Mrs. Stepney. Then the plan is, to obey

me at the slightest nod that I give, when any thing is to be done, or left undone. You will do well to think within yourself, and find out, if you can, the reason of my prohibition or command ; but if you cannot find it out, be obedient nevertheless, and the first time that we are alone, come then and ask me. I shall very willingly explain my reason.

Euphrasia. Dear mama, your plan is indeed a very clever one ; and I shall save myself a deal of care by following it.

Persuaded of the wisdom of this plan, Euphrasia never ventured for the future upon any the least doubtful action without first consulting her mama. She came at last to understand the slightest token from her, and could tell what was proper for her to do, in circumstances of embarrassment. The tender admonition of the mother, and her own reflexions, gradually gave her an experience far above her age ; and all who knew her were as much surprised as captivated with the prudence of her conduct and the ripeness of her understanding. At the age of twelve she was possessed of all the happiness

happiness to be enjoyed on earth, the inward satisfaction of her own approving heart, the attachment of her friends, and the affection of her parents.

THE PRUDENT OFFICER.

COLONEL Ormsby, who by his merit had attained to that high rank, observed with great concern that the officers belonging to his regiment gave their time and faculties entirely up to play. Intent upon their reformation, he invited them one day to dine with him; and having brought the conversation round to such a point that gaming might be naturally introduced, he gave them the subjoined short narrative of his own life.

I was no sooner come from college, than my parents bought me an Ensigncy, then vacant in the regiment which I have now the honour to command. The love that I had contracted in my infancy for study, made them hope to see me equally desirous of discharging the duties of my new con-

dition, and of attaining the reputation at which, in the confidence of their hope, they destined me one day to arrive. For some few months, I acted so as not to disappoint their expectations ; but soon after, the pernicious model set before me by my brother officers, together with their persuasions, having drawn me in to make one with them at their meetings, the insatiate demon *Play* obtained such strong possession of my heart, that every duty which hindered me from gratifying this new passion, soon became intolerable. I could hardly bring myself to quit the gaming table for an hour, however I might stand in need of rest. In sleep, I dreamed of heaps of gold and silver. I was always shuffling cards, and a continual noise of dice was in my ears.

The natural necessity of eating was become my punishment : I swallowed up my meat in haste, that I might be as little absent from my gambling partners as I could.

The beauteous mornings of the spring, the charming evenings of the summer, the voluptuous calmness of autumnal weather, every thing in short, most capable of pleasing the imagination when it contemplates na-

ture,

ture, was to me entirely lost ; even friendship had no further place within me. I was only in the company of gamesters. The idea of my parents was grown painful to me ; and if ever I reflected upon God, it was in blasphemies poured out against his holy name.

At first, I must acknowledge, fortune was particularly favourable to me ; which had so bewildered and debased my understanding, as to make me often spread my winnings on the ground and lie upon them, that all those who knew me might assert with truth, and in the literal sense of the expression, that I was used to roll in gold.

For three whole years my life passed on in these unworthy occupations. It is impossible for me, at present, to remember them without blushing at the stain which they have reflected on my honour : and, if possible, I would efface them now, by giving up a half of the remaining days that I have to live. But how shall I presume to mention an excess more frightful still, of which no worthy conduct will remove the blot, even after twenty years all passed in probity and honour ? Judge, my friends,

how

how anxious I must be to render my deplorable example useful to you, by the pain which I am content to suffer, when I thus submit to so humiliating a confession.

I was once upon a time commanded to go out with a recruiting party ; but, alas ! resigned the business of it to my serjeant, while I followed my unhappy passion. Two days afterwards he brought me twenty men to have their bounty money paid them. I had lost the night before, not only every thing that I possessed in the world myself, but likewise the whole sum delivered me for this recruiting service. Think then, gentlemen, what must have been my sorrow and despair in such a situation ! I dispatched that moment an exprefs to where our regiment lay in quarters ; and ingenuously confessing my misconduct, begged a brother officer to lend me what I wanted.

How ! replied that officer, give up so great a sum of money to a professed gambler ? No ; if I must either lose my property, or give up my connection with a man whose conduct makes his friendship infamous, I chuse to keep my property.

Immediately on reading this insulting answer,

answer, I was utterly beside myself; and still remember, as what happened yesterday, the dreadful images which all at once came crowding into my imagination: on the one hand, the distress and indignation of my father, the dishonour that I was fixing on my family, as well as on every one that knew me, and the dread of being broke with infamy; on the other hand, the brilliant prospect of that promotion which I might have obtained, by an honourable conduct in my post: nor did I afterwards recover the possession of my understanding, but to think of perpetrating a new crime, that I might be delivered from that ignominy which my first would bring upon me. I was ready to go through with such a desperate resolution, when I saw the very officer come into my apartment, whose reply had hurried me, as I have said just now, into this state of madness.

In the first emotion of my rage, I fell upon him like a fiend; but he disarmed me very quickly; and while I but little thought of what was to ensue, embraced me, and began as follows. "I replied a little harshly to your letter, as I meant, by such

such an answer, that you should see the horror of that situation into which your rashness has precipitated you; and I perceive what effect it has upon you. Now therefore that you repent, my property, my life, and every thing that I have, you may command, as you think proper."

"Here," continued he, and threw his purse upon the table, "here is what will serve to pay your new recruits: and the remainder may supply you at the gaming-table, if you mean to return thither."

Return to the gaming-table! Never, never, answered I; and clasped him to my heart.

Since which, I have precisely kept my word. From that day forward I determined to have done with all expensive pleasures, and apply my savings to the purpose of repaying what my generous friend had lent me. I employed my leisure time in study. My attention to the service recommended me to my superiors; and to such a happy revolution, in the course of my affairs, I am indebted for the honour of my present station in the army.

This





The froward Girl

Cook Sc.

This recital made so powerful an impression on his officers, that every game of hazard ceased among them, and a noble emulation to arrive at useful knowledge quenched that low ambition of winning money which was before their ruling passion. Such was the good consequence resulting from their prudent colonel's lesson.

THE FROWARD LITTLE GIRL.

O Ye children, who have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit, it is for your comfort and encouragement that I tell the following story: in which you will see that amendment is easy, whenever one forms a sincere and courageous resolution.

Rosalind, until her seventh year, was the joy of her parents. At that age, when the growing light of reason begins to shew us the ugliness of our faults, she, on the contrary, had contracted one, which cannot better be described to you, than by the example

example of those snarling curs that growl incessantly, and seem always ready to run at your legs and bite them. If any one, by mistake, touched her play-things, she would give that person a side look, and grumble between her teeth for a quarter of an hour. If any chid her, though ever so gently, she would start up, and stamp with her feet, and throw the chairs about the room. Neither her father nor mother, nor any one of the family, could bear with her now. It is true, she sometimes repented of her faults ; nay, she often shed tears in private, on seeing herself become the aversion of every body, even her parents. But habit soon got the better of her, and her temper became more unpleasant every day. One evening (it was New-Year's Eve) she saw her mother go towards her room with a small basket under her cloak. Rosalind would have followed her, but Mrs. Faulkener ordered her to go back to the parlour. Upon this she put on the sullenest face that ever she shewed, and clapped the door so violently that she made all the windows rattle. Half an hour after, her mother sent for her. What was her surprise,

prize, on seeing the room lighted up with twenty candles, and the table covered with the most elegant toys. She could not utter a word, she was so transported with joy and admiration. Come hither, Rosalind, said her mother, and read on this paper for whom these things are intended. Rosalind went to the table, and saw amongst the toys a slip of paper, on which she read the following words written in large letters :—
For an amiable little girl, in return for her good behaviour.

She looked down, and did not say a word. Well, Rosalind, said her mother, for whom is this intended ?

Not for me, said Rosalind, with the tears in her eyes.

Here is another paper, said Mrs. Faulkener ; see if this does not concern you.

Rosalind took it, and read, *For a froward little girl, who is sensible of her faults, and in beginning a new year will take pains to amend them.* Oh ! that is I, that is I ! said she, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly. Mrs. Faulkener also dropped tears, partly of sorrow for her daughter's faults, and partly of joy for the repentance

repentance that she shewed. Come, said she, after a moment's silence, take what is intended for you, and may God, who has heard your resolution, give you force to execute it !

No, mama, answered Rosalind, the whole belongs to the person meant in the first paper. Keep it for me, until I am like her ; you can tell me when I am so. This answer gave Mrs. Faulkener much pleasure ; she therefore immediately put all the toys into a drawer, and giving the key to Rosalind, said, There, my dear child, you shall open the drawer when you yourself shall think it the proper time.

Near six weeks passed without the least instance of ill-humour from Rosalind. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbing, asked, May I open the drawer, mama ? Yes, my dear, you may, answered Mrs. Faulkener, clasping her tenderly in her arms. But pray tell me how you have managed to get the better of your temper so ? I studied it continually, replied Rosalind ; it cost me some trouble, but every morning and evening, and a hundred

times

times in the day, I prayed to God to keep up my courage.

Mrs. Faulkener shed the most delicious tears ; and Rosalind became mistress of the toys, and soon after, of the affections of all her friends.

Her mother related this happy change in the presence of a young lady who had the same fault; and she was so struck with it that she immediately formed the resolution of imitating Rosalind, in order to become amiable like her. This attempt had the same success : and thus Rosalind was not only more happy herself, but rendered those also happy who chose to profit by her example. What child of spirit would not wish to enjoy the same honour and the same happiness ?

THE COMMODORE's RETURN.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

COMMODORE FREEPORT.

MRS. FREEPORT.

MELISSA,
 CONSTANTINE, }
 ARABELLA,
 MATILDA,

LIEUT. BOARDHAM, - *betrothed to Melissa.*
 MR. ASCHAM, - - - *Tutor to the Children.*
 THOMAS, - - - - - *the Gardener.*
 FANNY, - - - - - *his Wife.*
 COLIN, - - - - - *their Son.*

MATTHEWS, } *an old Farmer, Tenant
to the Commodore.*

Young Men and Maids of the Village.

SCENE. *The garden of Commodore Freeport's country
seat, close by the sea side.*

SCENE I.

Thomas, Colin.

(While Thomas is raking one of the walks,
 Colin runs in trembling and out of breath,
 as in a fright: he throws his arms round
 his father, and clings fast to him.)

Thomas. **W**ELL, what now, you little
 blockhead? what now?
 Where are you running in such a fluster?

Colin. Ah ! father, father, I am frightened out of my wits. I'm dead.

Thomas. It is very lucky you are able to tell me so. But what is the matter ?

Colin. A ghost ! a ghost !

Thomas. What in broad day-light ? I believe, thou art gibing thy father. Well, what is it like ? a beast or a man ?

Colin. It is—it is like a man.

Thomas. Silly oaf ! why then it is a man. Has it a mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet ?

Colin. Oh, yes, a mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet, like one of us, and yet it is not like we for all that.

Thomas. What nonsense is all this ?

Colin. Oh ! if you had but seen it ! bless us ! it is the ghost of a Turk.

Thomas, (a little frightened.) The ghost of a Turk ?

Colin. Yes, indeed, father. You shewed me some Turks when we were in London, well, it is the same for all the world. A long gown down to his heels, a yellow thing like a lady's muff upon his head, a long carving knife by his side, a great black beard, and a dead man's face over his own.

(*A noise*)

(*A noise is heard behind the hedge row.*) Oh! there it is, father; there is the ghost, the Turk. Help; murder. (*He runs out.*)

Thomas, (*alarmed.*) Colin, Colin! won't you come back. (*Colin, instead of returning, runs away precipitately.* Thomas goes to follow him, but his rake falling trips him up, and while he is entangled with it, Colin escapes.) A little coward, to leave me here all alone! And then, if what he said were true. I do not like meddling with your Turks, not I. By the mass, I will not stay here to meet with him. (*While he stoops to take up his rake, Commodore Freeport, dressed in a long red gown, with a turban and a mask, comes softly up to him, and plucks him by the skirt.* Thomas turning about, perceives him, and attempts to run away; but finding himself held fast, he roars out) Help! murder! A ghost! A Turk!

SCENE II.

Commodore Freeport, Thomas.

Com. Fr. (*putting his hand on Thomas's mouth to silence him.*) Why, Thomas, do not act the child. Don't you know me?

Thomas, (without looking at him.) Avaunt! none but Satan knows you. I am none of your acquaintance.

Com. Fr. Oh! I see what deceives you. (He takes off his mask.) Look at me now.

Thomas, (hiding his face with his hands.) What, I look at your terrible visage? No, let me go, or I shall cry out ten times louder.

Com. Fr. (trying to part his hands.) What, are you afraid of me?

Thomas. Say no more. You want to roast me. Oh! how hot you are!

Com. Fr. (letting go his hands.) Why, Thomas, are you mad? Do not shake so, man. Can't you recollect my voice?

Thomas. It is a main hollow ghostly voice; that is certain.

Com. Fr. Only look at me between your fingers.

Thomas. Well—well—I will—but get a little farther off.

Com. Fr. (drawing back.) There, now are you satisfied?

Thomas, (drawing back too.) Are you a good way off? Stop a while. (Separates.

bis hands a little, and looks at him.) Eh ! what ! the Commodore ? Is it you, sir ?

Com. Fr. Why yes, Thomas, it is I, your master.

Thomas, (shewing his face a little more.) Are you sure though that it is not his ghost ?

Com. Fr. Nay, Thomas, I can hardly take you for the same man. I did not think you had been so chicken-hearted.

Thomas, (letting fall his hands, and looking still at the Commodore.) Oh ! yes, now I see it is you. *(Taking off his bat, and advancing towards him.)* Dear master, I beg pardon for not knowing you at first. It was my son, a little blockhead, that put all these frights into my head. *(Beginning to swagger.)* A ghost, truly ! Aye, just as if I believed in ghosts !—But, after all, your honour has got a huge ugly cap there. For my part, I think, it is dangerous jesting with such outlandish gear. Suppose one was to remain a Turk all one's life. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, my mother's telling me a hundred times how she saw one that had heard of a thing that happened in a family as long ago as any one could—

Oh ! it is all very true that I am telling you, I assure you.

Com. Fr. Well, come, you shall tell me your story another time. Is there nobody within hearing ?

Thomas. Nobody, sir, for that silly boy of mine will hardly venture back. He is afraid ! Ha, ha, ha ! Yet only mind, master, if you had been a ghost, he would have let you twist his father's neck off.

Com. Fr. Are my wife and children all here ? Is the Tutor with them ?

Thomas. Oh ! certainly, sir. They staid in the country on purpose to prepare a revel against your return, as they knew that you would come strait hither from Portsmouth. How happy they will all be ! But what a blockhead am I not to go and tell them the news, and then spread it all through the neighbourhood ! (*Going.*) There will be rare doings !

Com. Fr. (*stopping him.*) Avast ! avast ! it is the very thing that I do not wish you to do at present.

Thomas. How ! Won't your honour make one at the revel ? It is all on account of

your honour's return, and the whole neighbourhood will partake in the rejoicing.

Com. Fr. They are very kind.

Thomas. By the mass, they have good reason. There is not a set of tenants in England happier under their landlord than your honour's are ; and they love you accordingly. All the bells should have been ringing before now. I wonder what the ringers are about.

Com. Fr. Thomas, have a little patience. I shall shew myself in proper time.

Thomas. Proper time, sir ? Alack, it is easy talking ; but for my simple part, I shall be out of patience if you are long about it.

Com. Fr. And I shall be out of patience if you are not a little more discreet. Do not deprive me of the satisfaction that I promised myself at my return ! Would you, by way of welcoming me home, oblige me to discharge you ?

Thomas. Nay, that is enough ; now I am dumb. Yet I must say, sir, it was ill done of your honour to leave us in uncertainty so long. We thought you were either drowned or taken prisoner. You cannot think,

think, sir, how dull it made us. O, dear master! if we had lost you, and been obliged to put on mourning, instead of keeping a revel! The very thought makes my blood run cold. We would rather the war should have lasted ten years longer.

Com. Fr. I thank you, Thomas, for this language of unaffected friendship. It pre-sages, I hope, a reception still more tender from my family.

Thomas. Then, sir, why do not you come to them directly?

Com. Fr. No, no. I tell you, my design is to double the pleasure of my return by an agreeable surprise. Only let me speak with my children's tutor.

Thomas. With Mr. Ascham?

Com. Fr. Yes, I wrote to him from Portsmouth to prepare him. You and he shall be the only persons in the secret. But hift! I hear somebody coming down this next walk. (*He goes to hide himself behind the hedge-row.*) Snug's the word, Thomas! Be discreet!

SCENE III.

Thomas, (alone.)

Discreet, quotha? Aye, it is easy to be discreet when one has nothing to talk of; but when one knows as much as I know—
—This secret, I feel, begins to swell me already. (*Turning, he perceives Mr. Ascham.*) Thank my stars! they send me at least somebody to talk to.

SCENE IV.

Thomas, Mr. Ascham.

Thomas, (running towards him.) Joy, joy, Mr. Ascham! The fleet is come; the Commodore is come; you are come; and I am come. (*Flings up his hat for joy.*)

Mr. Ascham. What, is Mr. Freeport here?

Thomas, (with an air of importance.) Do you think he is not, sir, when I tell you so? I am in the whole plot, as well as you.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Thomas.

Com. Fr. My secret was well trusted. I fee, Thomas, I need only depend upon you at all times. (*He takes Mr. Ascham's hand.*) My dear Ascham, I am glad to see you once more!

Mr. Ascham. Sir, this will be a day of festivity for us.

Com. Fr. Provided that Thomas do not disconcert all my plan with his silly joy and his chattering.

Thomas. Nay, look ye there! did not your honour tell me that Mr. Ascham was in the secret? Did I blab the least word to any body in the world?

Mr. Asch. True; because you saw nobody but me.

Com. Fr. Let us not lose a moment. Thomas, you must hide me in the green-house, until the moment of making my appearance.

Thomas. That I will, and welcome; and you will find it in good order, I'll warrant.

Com. Fr. That is not all; but you must plant your son on the watch, to let me know when any body approaches.

Thomas. But if madam herself should take a walk towards the green-house, or some of the young folks, I could hardly hinder them from going in.

Mr. Ascham. Pshaw! a man of your sense will easily find an excuse to prevent them.

Thomas. Why aye, sir, as you say—

Com. Fr. Do not forget to let us have some good fruit, Thomas.

Thomas. Oh! sir, never fear! I'll warrant your honour shall shew the finest melons and pine-apples, and every fruit of the season, at your table to-day, that is to be seen in this county.

S C E N E VI.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham.

Com. Fr. Do you imagine, Ascham, that my wife suspects nothing of our preparations?

Mr. Ascham. It would have been impossible for me to conceal them from her; I chose therefore to make them in concert with

with her, while she supposed that she should surprise you agreeably with this revel at your return. I told her that your cruize might perhaps continue longer. She was happy, therefore, to amuse the wearisomeness of your absence, by occupations that would shew you how her mind was employed during that time.

Com. Fr. Thus I shall be the giver of the entertainment with which she proposes to receive me. My dear Ascham, your contrivance charms me!

Mr. Ascham. I hope you will be pleased with our performance. Indeed every one was eager to contribute to your pleasure. I have already instructed a few young men and maids amongst your tenants, and they know their parts to admiration.

Com. Fr. And I have brought my future son-in-law, Lieut. Boardham, who behaved so gallantly, you remember, during the war. What recommended him to my notice, was his attacking a pirate sloop in the East-Indies with only an armed boat, and taking her. These Turkish dresses were part of her spoils, and we put them on for this purpose the better to disguise ourselves.

forgot to mention too, that I have brought a band of music from Portsmouth. I left them to refresh themselves at a public house close by our park: here, within a stone's throw of us.

Mr. Ascham. So much the better; for we were but indifferently provided in that respect.

Com. Fr. I should be sorry that any thing were wanting to our festivity. I would not have a single tenant of mine unconcerned in it. I hope and flatter myself that they have reason to rejoice in my prosperity. It has always been my endeavour to make those happy whom Providence has placed immediately under me, both on board and ashore; for he but half serves his country, Ascham, who fights her battles with success abroad, but returns to be detested for injustice and oppression by his poor dependants at home.

Mr. Ascham. Excellent sentiments! Commodore, you are deservedly beloved by your tenants, I can answer for so much without flattery; and that your public service has been approved, your reputation and your Sovereign's favour sufficiently testify.

Com. Fr.

Com. Fr. (*taking him by the hand.*) These, my friend, are the sources from which every man of spirit should seek to derive his happiness and satisfaction. (*Colin is seen approaching by the hedge-row.*)

SCENE VII.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Colin
(carrying a basket of flowers on his arm.)

Colin. This ghost of a Turk cannot be very ill-natured. How friendly he talks with Mr. Ascham! He is shaking hands with him.

Mr. Ascham. Don't I hear somebody?

Com. Fr. Yes. I must go and hide. (*He turns to go behind the hedge-row, and meets Colin full in the face, who trembles and stares at him awhile, but at length cries out in a transport of joy,*) Oh! law: it is his honour; it is the Commodore!

Com. Fr. Come hither, my little godson! (*Colin throws down his basket, and runs eagerly up to him, jumping for joy.*) Softly, my man; softly! I do not wish any body to know that I am arrived. Do not you tell, for the world!

Colin. What, sir, neither to madam, nor the children?

Mr. Ascham. It is from them particularly that you must conceal it.

S C E N E VIII.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Thomas, Colin.

Thomas, (*enters without seeing Colin.*) Now every thing is ready for your honour.

Colin. Well, I am sure! It was not I that told my father, however.

Thomas, (*perceiving Colin.*) Plague on it, we are all ruined! This monkey will go and blab. I was thinking of sending him on a message a mile or two off.

Mr. Ascham, (*patting Colin on the head.*) Nay, I dare say he will be as discreet as yourself. Won't you, my little friend?

Colin. Oh! never fear, sir: I can keep a secret as well as another. It won't be the first time, neither.

Thomas. No! when was the first time, then?

Colin. I 'fegs, t'other day, when you threshed me to make me tell whether I had

stolen the apples off our tree at home. Did I tell you it was I?

Thomas. It was you then that stole my apples, was it? Stop a moment! (*Colin runs behind Commodore Freeport.*) Oh! you shall pay for them!

Mr. Ascham. Agreed, if he says a word about the Commodore.

Com. Fr. And if he holds his tongue, a guinea for his reward.

Thomas. Do you hear that, Colin? a guinea!

Colin. Tut! I would have held my tongue for nothing, out of regard to my godfather.

Com. Fr. There is a good boy. Well, now for our concealment.

Thomas. And you, Colin, stand here. If any body comes up this walk, as it leads nowhere but to the green-house, run thither immediately, and let his honour know. But if you open your lips, 'ware the apples, I'll cut your ears off with the Comodore's cutlass there. (*They go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Colin, (gathering up his flowers, and making a nosegay.)

If they know nothing, unless from me, they will not know much. But the poor children, Miss Arabella, Master Constantine, and Miss Matilda ; it grieves me to think they should not know that their papa is here. Suppose I were just to whisper it to Miss Matilda : she is very fond of me, and though she is the youngest of them all, she is the drollest little body.—Ah, but she would tell it to Miss Arabella, and Miss Arabella to Master Constantine, and Master Constantine to Gatty, and Gatty to Miss Melissa, and Miss Melissa to her mama ; and then every body would be in the secret. There would be a guinea lost, and my ears cut off. Oh ! it is better to pretend to be dumb. In the first place, if I do not speak I shall tell nobody any secrets, that is plain. (*Clapping with his hand on his mouth,*) There, you are locked up till to-morrow morning !

SCENE

SCENE X.

Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Colin.

Constantine, (clapping Colin gently on the shoulder.) Good Morrow, little Colly.

Arabella, (curtsying to him with affected solemnity.) Mr. Colin's most obedient humble servant!

Matilda, (taking him by the hand in a friendly manner.) How do you do, my little man? Colin bows to her, and gives her a nosegay.)

Constantine. You are all alone? (Colin answers him with a nod.)

Matilda. Mama wants to speak with your father.—Where is he? (Colin points the way by which Thomas went out.)

Arabella. Are you making game of us? Have you lost your tongue? (Colin looks about him without answering.)

Constantine. Well, but speak.

Arabella, (slapping him on the bands.) Hah! I'll teach you another sort of drollery.

Matilda, (holding Arabella.) Softly, sister! Do not hurt my little Colin. (Colin looks kindly at Matilda.)

Constantine.

Constantine. Let him speak, or I'll—
What is he dumb?

Arabella. Or deaf?

Matilda. Perhaps something may have
happened to him. Is any thing the matter,
my little man? *Colin makes signs in the ne-*
gative.)

Upon this the other two children fall upon
him, shaking him, pulling him, pinching him
and tickling him, crying out all at once,) You
must speak! you must speak! you must
speak! or we will know the reason why!

Matilda. Have done, or I shall join him
against you.

Arabella. A fine champion, truly, he
would have to defend him!

Matilda, (*to Constantine.*) Brother, you
are the eldest; make her have done, pray
do. I will talk to him gently, and per-
haps I may get a word or two from him.

Constantine, (*haughtily.*) No, I insist, he
shall obey me when I order him.

Matilda. Let me try what I can do. (*To*
Colin.) Colin, my good little Colin, answer
me, if it be only one word. (*Colin smiles;*
but makes signs that he is not to speak.) Do
you know now that I shall be angry with
you.

you too.—But stay. Arabella, go and fetch his father, mama wants him you know.

Arabella. Yes, yes, I'll tell Thomas of it. He will make him speak, perhaps. (*As she is going, Colin stands full in her way to stop her, shaking his head.*)

Constantine, (with an air of authority.) What does he dare to stop my sister? Let me manage him.

Matilda, (holding *Constantine.*) Why, you see, he does her no harm—Well, Colin, go yourself and fetch your father; tell him that mama wants him; will you? (*Colin nods consent, and goes out. The children follow him with their eyes.*)

SCENE XI.

Constantine, Arabella, Matilda.

Arab. He can hear at least if he cannot speak.

Matilda. I knew I could make him do whatever I had a mind.

Const. He did well to get away. But I will make him pay for not obeying me.

Matilda,

Matilda, (seeing Thomas approach.) Oh! here comes Thomas. We will know what is the matter with my little friend.

SCENE XII.

Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Thomas.

(All the Children run up to Thomas, and jump about him.)

Thomas. Good morrow, master Constantine. Good morrow young ladies. How do you do to day?

Matilda. Oh very well, very well; but tell us what is the matter with your son, poor little Colin?

Thomas. The matter with him? A good appetite; that is always the matter with him I think.

Matilda. Then he is not sick?

Thomas. He sick?

Constantine. Then he is very obstinate.

Arabella. The little monkey made game of us.

Matilda. Oh! how you talk!

Thomas. What, miss; made game of you?

Matilda. I was afraid he was struck dumb.

Thomas.

Thomas. He dumb?

Arabella. We pinched him, and tickled him, but not a word.

Thomas. Is it possible? why he bawled loud enough to deafen me here this morning, and frighten me too. I might have been afraid at least, if I had not a good heart.

Constantine. As for us, he did not vouchsafe to honour us with a single word.

Thomas, (*smiling.*) No? a little knave! only mind his cunning! He has ten times more wit than his father.

Matilda. Wit? how, in not speaking?

Thomas. Where could he have hit upon such a thought?

Arabella. What do you mean?

Thomas. And then, people will talk that the world is growing worse and worse. By the mass, children have at this time of day more sense than all their family.

Arabella. For my part I believe they are both out of their sences. The one did not speak at all, and the other speaks without answering us.

Thomas. Oh! he knew very well what he did not say, and I know very well what I do say.

-Arabella.

Arabella. That is more than we do.

Thomas. Well, there is no harm done. But where is Madam? Colin told me that she asked for me.

Constantine. He told you!

Matilda. Then he can speak.

Constantine. Oh! if he can speak, I'll make him speak.

Arabella. Let us go and find him.

Thomas. Aye, aye, go. He has walked into the park. You will hardly come up with him. He has a pair of legs if he has not a tongue. (*Constantine and Arabella go out.*)

SCENE XIII.

Matilda, Thomas.

Matilda. O dear *Thomas*, pray tell *Colin* to speak a little, if it were only for my sake. I do so like to talk with him!

Thomas. Yes, yes, let me manage. I'll talk to him, and he shall talk to you, and we'll all talk to one another very soon. Oh! what talk we shall have!

Matilda.

Matilda. That is charming! I will run after my brother and sister, and hinder them from teasing him.

SCENE XIV.

Thomas, (alone.)

I think I did right to send him a pretty way off. These young ones would have mawled him so, that he must have told his secret at last. But did any one ever see such a cunning fetch? Not to talk for fear of blabbing! One could not have hit upon a more cunning scheme. But here comes Madam with Miss Melissa. Now for it, friend Thomas, take care of yourself. One man against two women; and hampered with a secret besides! It is hard odds.

SCENE XV.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Thomas.

Mrs. Fr. Well, Thomas, I must come to seek you myself. I sent the children for you an hour ago.

Thomas.

Thomas. Madam, I was this moment coming to you.

Mrs. Fr. I wanted to speak with you about this Revel. Mr. Ascham has just now mentioned that it would be proper to have as it were a general rehearsal of it. Perhaps it is to divert my uneasiness, but he assures me that it cannot possibly be long before my husband returns. This idea, which seems to hasten his return, still more—

Thomas. He is perhaps not so far off as people think. What would you say, Madam—(*turning aside*) Hist! what were you going to say, Thomas?

Mrs. Fr. Have you heard any news of him?

Thomas. News, Madam? By the mass what I know is truer than news. (*aside.*) Where the plague is my tongue running?

Mrs. Fr. What would you say, Thomas? Explain yourself.

Thomas. The matter is this—Lookye, you understand—When I come from market, I put the best leg foremost to get home; not that I have so fine a woman to my wife, Madam, as you are, neither! nor so fine a daughter

daughter as Miss Melissa here. (*aside.*) Plague on it! I'll turn it off some way. (*to them.*) Just so for all the world, in a manner, as a body may say, the Commodore is galloping home here as fast as he can. That is a clear case, I defer it to you else.

Mrs. Fr. Ah! when will that happy moment come, that I may welcome him to my expecting arms?

Thomas. Who knows how soon? I will bestir myself, however, perhaps that will hasten him. I wish every pull of my rake were a lash to his horse's sides. I would not let the young Lieutenant lag behind neither, Miss Melissa. (*Melissa smiles.*)

Mrs. Fr. Well, it is very obliging of you, Thomas.

Thomas. Why, Madam, the truth is, I am sorry to see you melancholy. You are like flowers *impelled* with the dew, as the song says. But hang tears, the sun will come and dry up all sorrow presently. Joy! joy! Madam, here comes Mr. Ascham, he seems full of joy.

SCENE

SCENE XVI.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Mr. Ascham, Thomas.

Mr. Ascham. All goes right, Madam. I have sent to assemble the young men and maids of the hamlet, who are to figure in our pageant. We are almost ready to begin. I was very well pleased yesterday to see them all so orderly, and so perfect in their parts, and I hope the general rehearsal to day will amuse you, if you do us the honour to be present at it.

Mrs. Fr. I shall certainly not deprive myself of so agreeable an entertainment. I should otherwise pay an ill compliment to the obliging exertions of your zeal and friendship for our family.

Mr. Ascham. Madam, I could not receive a more flattering reward. But, indeed, my cares were already repaid, in the thought of seconding your wishes, and anticipating those of your husband.

Mrs. Fr. How I please myself with the idea of his surprise and satisfaction!

Thomas.

Thomas. He won't, perhaps, be the most surprised in the company neither. (*Mr. Ascham looks sternly at Thomas.*)

Mrs. Fr. What do you mean by that, Thomas?

Thomas, (*embarrassed.*) Why, Madam, with regard—with regard to that there—I think you will be as much surprised to see him return fresh and hearty; full of health, honour, and joy. Miss Melissa, too, will perhaps be surprised to see her young intended. I'll lay my spade to one of your pins, that she will blush like a rose. Marry, we shall all be surprised, for so good a master as his honour, is not a sight to be seen with indifference.

Mr. Ascham. I think, Madam, it would affect you in a pleasing manner, to see the impatience with which all the neighbourhood waits his arrival. At every step I meet some one or other who enquires eagerly for him. I figure to myself a numerous family enquiring for their father, their brother, their son, their husband. What will be their joy when they see him returned?

Mrs. Fr. I can imagine their transports by my own. But when will he return ! I shall shudder with apprehension until I behold him safe.

Mr. Ascham. What can give rise to your terrors ? This is not the season when thirst of glory might expose him to danger.

Melissa. Ah ! mama, do you remember those dismal days when we could not take up the newspaper without trembling ? when we dreaded to see his name in every list of killed and wounded ?

Mr. Ascham. At present, therefore, indulge the sweets of hope. The tranquility of peace leaves us no subject of inquietude.

Mrs. Fr. Ah ! sweet peace, many a mother, many a wife blesses its return.

Thomas. Aye, and many a gardener. Ah ! if you had seen a little of the world, madam, as I have. You would not think that I served during the German war. Yes, I served—in a garden. There came some of those cursed Hussars. In an hour's time there was not a single hedge left standing in all that part of the country. Then the statues in our garden, your Apollos, your Jupiters,

Jupiters, and your Mercuries, those they soon turned topsy-turvy. I should not have cared a straw for them ; but my poor melons ! my poor asparagus ! it grieved me to the heart to see them demolished. And yet I was not the head gardener neither. Now that I am gardener in chief, only think if that was to happen. I should throw myself head foremost into the draw-well. But come, a fig for those madcaps. It is peace-time now ; huzza ! Come, Mr. Ascham, we will go and settle this business.

SCENE XVII.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa.

Mrs. Fr. Honest Thomas's chearfulness has enlivened me a little. I find myself now much more at ease. I feel nothing now but the pleasing throb of hope. Yes, Melissa, my heart tells me, we shall soon see them once more.

Melissa. Alas ! mama, I rise every day to indulge this flattering idea, and every day it vanishes.

Mrs. Fr. Our murmurs against heaven are always unjust. How did I curse the cruel war, that snatched my husband from me ! Well, peace was made, he returned, covered with laurels, and admired by his countrymen, whose commerce he protected at sea. Shall we grudge another short absence in the service of his country ? He will come home when his presence is most necessary for the education of his children. He will bring with him the person whom your choice and ours has destined to be your husband. Ah ! my dear, how many women in the world envy our lot !

Melissa. True, mama ; but for my part, your kindness hitherto has rendered me so happy, that I cannot support the least alteration in my happiness.

Mrs. Fr. Come to my arms, my dear child, and resume your natural gaiety, it becomes you so well. Do not let us poison, by an appearance of sorrow, the satisfaction which these good people are going to feel, while they make us the witnesses of their joy.

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

*Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Constantine, Arabella,
Matilda, Matthews.*

Matilda, (running up to her mother.) Mama, mama! we are bringing you the good farmer Matthews.

Arabella, (following her.) Here he is, here he is! (Farmer Matthews enters, supporting himself with a stick in one hand, and leaning the other upon Constantine. When he perceives Mrs. Freeport, he endeavours to double his pace and totters. Mrs. Freeport and Melissa advance towards him.)

Constantine. Lean heavier on my shoulder, do; you won't hurt me.

Melissa. Softly, Mr. Matthews.

Mrs. Fr. Take care you don't fall.

Matthews. They came to assemble my children, and all the young people of the hamlet. Is the commodore returned then? I should never forgive myself if he was.

Mrs. Fr. No, Mr. Matthews, we are still expecting him.

Matthews. Ah! so much the better. Which way does he come? tell me. I have

a good head still, but my legs fail me. I should set out long before the rest, to be up with them at the same time.

Mrs. Fr. How, would you go to meet him, weak as you are?

Matthews, (*with vivacity.*) Would I? He has all his life-time hastened to meet my necessities, do you think then, madam, that I would sit still, and wait his coming? I would sooner be carried by my children.

Melissa. No, Mr. Matthews. I am sure, my papa would be angry if you exposed yourself to so much fatigue.

Matthews. Why, madam, it is for my own sake as well as his. The sight of him is necessary to me. He is like the sun that chears my declining life.

Mrs. Fr. But, friend Matthews, at your age—

Matthews. My age is the cause why I have more obligation to him than the young ones. I have known the commodore, madam, longer than you have. Many a time have I set him a riding upon this very stick. He was not so big as master Constantine here, when he began to be my benefactor. I was poor then, and he had

no more than his pocket-money. Well, he found means to relieve me out of many difficulties even with that. It was in vain that I told him only half of my distress. He could guess more than I could hide from him. As soon as he came to his estate, he made me a present of the cottage that I inhabit, and let me some lands which are round about it, but on so favourable a lease, that I soon got above the world. Thanks to his friendship, I have been able to bring up all my children, and to settle them easily in the world, which, as I have done through his means, I count them as much his family as mine, and love them the better on that score.

Mrs. Fr. You know his friendship for you continues still. There are few of his letters in which he does not mention you.

Matthews, (overjoyed.) Is it possible ! But I believe it, and it is no more than he ought. For why ? he has done good to a great many of his tenants ; he has rebuilt their cottages when thrown down by storms, or burnt ; he has helped them in bad seasons ; he has forgiven them their rent. Let them bless him, let them love him, let

them revere him ; but I should be main vexed if I thought, that next to his family, any body loved him better than I do. I mean the same to you, madam ; and to you, also, miss.

The children, (jumping about him.) And us too, Mr. Matthews ; don't you ?

Matthews. I must needs love you, my dear little ones, that are my benefactor's children. And yet sometimes you make me angry.

Matilda. We make you angry ?

Matthews. Yes, you make yourselves too uneasy about me sometimes. It looks as if I were so old, so very old.

Matilda. Oh ! no, you are quite hearty still. Hold, I will dress you up like a beau. Here is my nosegay ; I will stick it in your button-hole.

Arabella. I have a fine ribbon here. Give me your hat, and I will fix a cockade in it,

Constantine, (standing on tiptoes to reach his ear.) The next time you come to the hall, I'll have a glass of our best wine for you.

Matthews. O, sweet little creatures ! you are all heart, like your father. Come and let

let me kiss you. Madam, will you give me leave—

Mrs. Fr. Nay, it gives me the highest pleasure. Nothing can be more agreeable to my eyes than to see my children in the arms of an old man. It is the picture of innocence and virtue. (*The children throw themselves into Matthews's arms, who embraces and kisses them. Musick is heard.*)

Matthews. (starting up briskly.) What do I hear? Can it be the commodore?

Melissa. Ah! would to heaven it were.

Mrs. Fr. No, farmer, it is the young folks of the hamlet coming to amuse us with a rehearsal of their entertainment.

Matthews. Oh! then I'll see it. I figured in these merry-makings formerly; but now I could scarcely hobble to keep in sight of them. Give me leave to go and place myself at the foot of this tree. This very tree I planted when I was a child. We were then much about the same age: at present it is a good deal younger than I am.

Mrs. Fr. No, Mr. Matthews; you shall sit down beside me.

Melissa. Yes, between us both.

Matthews. I, madam? it is too great an honour. Before all the folks too!

Mrs. Fr. I hope the folks will learn by our example to respect age and honesty. Come, farmer. (*Mrs. Freeport and Melissa lead him towards a green bank, and make him sit down betwixt them. Arabella and Matilda settle his coat skirts, and Constantine assists him to take a firm hold of his stick, in order to support himself.*)

Matthews. I wish my joy may let me live till I see the commodore. (*The young men and maids enter on different sides, and join in the middle. After walking in procession round the stage two and two, they file off before the bank on which Mrs. Freeport is seated with Matthews and the children.*)

RECITATIVE.

By a young VILLAGER.

Let the soft pipe's melodious swell
In lively notes our jocund purpose tell!

Let the sprightly tabor sound,
To welcome home the brave
From perils of the distant wave,
Safe return'd to English ground.

A I R.

FIRST STRAIN, *a VILLAGE MAIDEN.*

Full long the stern commands of war
 Have sent our chiefs and warriors far
 From Albion's plenteous shore :
 Now white-rob'd peace hath smooth'd the
 main,
 And homeward led the hardy train,
 To taste her joys once more.

SECOND STRAIN, *a HUSBANDMAN.*

Commerce and peace, with bloodless toil,
 Unite to cull the wealthy spoil
 Of nature's boundless reign :
 No more the lily and the rose
 Shall marshal hosts of banner'd foes,
 By land, or on the main.

THIRD STRAIN, *a VILLAGE MAIDEN.*

Our ships from port to port shall fail,
 (While wealth descends in ev'ry gale,)
 And plow the ocean o'er ;
 And free as air the wave shall be
 To waft my sailor home to me,
 With his brave commodore.

C H O R U S.

Welcome, thrice welcome, be the brave,
From perils of the distant wave,
Return'd to British ground !
Let pipe and tabor's mingled swell,
Our brave commander's welcome tell
To lift'ning hills around.

(*The chorus being ended, the young men and maids join two and two, and walk back in procession round Mrs. Freeport, &c. saluting her, and scattering flowers as they pass.*)

Mrs. Fr. My dear friends, how your joy affects me ! What would I not give at this moment to share it with my worthy husband !

Matilda. Ah ! mama, if he was here ?
Eh, Mr. Matthews ?

Matthews. I do believe I should forget my rheumatism, and dance for joy.

(Military music is heard. The curtain rises, and discovers commodore Freeport and lieutenant Boardbam in Turkish dresses, but unmasked. Beside them stands Mr. Ascham, with Thomas, Fanny, and Colin. The back part of the garden appears illuminated.

Groups

Groups of peasants are seen mixed with sailors in jackets and trowsers. The children stare as struck with astonishment. Constantine approaches first, looks steadfastly at the commodore for a while, then knowing him, he cries out,) Oh ! it is my papa !

Arabella and Matilda, (following him.)
It is ! it is !

(*Mrs. Freeport, Melissa and Matthews, rise from the bank, and hesitating a moment, run up to commodore Freeport and lieutenant Boardham, whose Turkish habits drop off, and shew them in their naval uniform. Commodore Freeport springs forward, and embraces Mrs. Freeport and Melissa by turns.*)

Mrs. Fr. My dear husband !

Melissa. My father !

The children, (pulling him by the skirt.) O papa ! O papa ! it is our turn now.

Com. Fr. I would I could embrace you all at once. Dear wife, and my dear little ones !

Mrs. Fr. We are too good for loving you still, after the trick you have played us. But whence comes this disguise ?

Com. Fr. (presenting lieutenant Boardham.) There, there is the gentleman that you are

to

to scold for this whole adventure. I give him up to your vengeance. (*Lieut. Boardham salutes Mrs. Freeport and Melissa.*) It was a smart action of his that first put us in possession of these clothes ; so that he is the original cause of our frolic. I had a mind to shew him to you in his eastern spoils.

Lieut. Boardham. I hope, every action of my life will make me still more worthy of this lady's favour. (*He kisses Melissa's hand.*)

Com. Fr. (turning towards Matthews.) But don't I see my good old friend here? (*He steps up to Matthews, and takes him by the hand.*)

Matthews. I could not speak, I was so intoxicated with joy. Now I have seen you, my noble landlord, I can die content.

Com. Fr. No, my dear friend ! you shall live. This day shall make you younger by ten years. (*To Mrs. Freeport,*) My dear, I thank you for the distinction that you have shewn him. There is not, in all this country, an honester man, and our family will never have a more worthy friend.—(*He turns towards the other country people.*) And you, my friends, my children, how rejoiced

I am

I am to see you once more! I am fixed amongst you now, probably, for some years. Let us all study to make each other mutually happy. I shall look upon your happiness as a proof of your gratitude.

All the Country People. Long live our noble landlord! Long live our brave commodore!

Com. Fr. And you too, my friends, long may you live happy, and for that purpose let us be joyous. I have received your entertainment, I will return you mine. We shall not want for refreshment. Every thing is prepared.

Mr. Ascham. We thought, madam, to surprise the commodore, but he is more alert than we are.

Thomas. I hope you will allow, sir, that nobody could be more discreet than I was.

Colin. Then what do you say of me, father?

Matilda. Ah! you have found your tongue now at last.

Fanny. You may all say what you will, but I think mine has been the hardest part to-day; for I have only this word to say, and I am the last speaker of all.

(A general dance, commodore Freeport joins in it with all his family, to the sound of military music, which is relieved at intervals by the pipe and tabor. After the dance all adjourn to tables, which are spread with refreshments of all sorts, in another part of the garden.)

WAR AND PEACE.

Commodore Freeport, still agitated with the pleasing sensations that he experienced during the course of the day, could not close his eyes till long after midnight, when at length a grateful slumber stole upon him, and soft dreams composed his agitated bosom. In the morning, the first objects that he beheld about him were his children, who had placed themselves around his bed in expectation of his waking. He received their sweet caresses, clasped them tenderly himself, and putting on his clothes as quickly as he could, went down into the garden with them.

The

The serenity then reigning round about, the pleasure of revisiting those places which his own hands had cultivated in times past, and of being once again restored in safety to his family, when such an interval of separation had elapsed, and even the recollection of the dangers to which he had often been exposed, every thing inspired him with unspeakable affection; and his children, sensible of this, employed the opportunity to ask him question after question.

He gave a relation of every thing worth knowing, that had happened to him in his many and perilous voyages; of the storms that had attacked his ships, and the hazardous expeditions in which he was concerned. He described to them the solitary uninhabited regions visited by his people, and, on the other hand, the populous nations that he had seen, together with their customs, characters, and manners.

During his recital, he was careful to remark what sort of feelings it excited in their hearts, and what was the expression of those feelings on their countenances. At the slightest mention of the dangers that he had encountered, he felt the little girls, by instinct

instinct as it were, press tenderly to him : they sighed, and now and then let fall a tear ; while Constantine, his son, was animated, and seemed ready, or at least his features spoke him ready, to encounter the same degree of danger. In particular, at the recital of any warlike action, you might see his breast heave, and his eyes sparkle like fire.

Papa, cried he at length, if I were but as big as you, how I should like to go to war, that, in my turn, I might appear as brave a man as you.

Com. Fr. But, Constantine, you know not what a cruel wish you indulge now.

Constant. Why, papa ! do not you mean me for a soldier ?

Com. Fr. Yes, I do, indeed.

Constant. And is not the profession of a soldier necessary ?

Com. Fr. Too much so, I must confess. It is with a kingdom just the same as with a human body. Both are subject to interior maladies, and outward accidents. The physician watches the body carefully, to prevent complaints within it, which might happen through the fermentation of sharp humours,

humours, or to save it from those ills that it might sustain from hurtful objects. Just so, likewise, does the soldier watch the state, of which he is a member, to suppress seditions that might rise within it, and repel the invasion of ambitious nations dwelling round about it.

Constant. But, papa, if the profession of a soldier be so necessary, ought not I to wish for opportunities of exercising it?

Com. Fr. What would you think of that physician, who, impressed with a desire of practising his art, should wish a dangerous malady, a plague for instance, or something like it, to befall his fellow-creatures?

Constant. O, papa, how wicked!

Com. Fr. What then must I think of him, who, to gratify a principle of pride, or ambition, should desire to see the greatest scourge that can attend on human nature lay waste his country?

Arabella. Ah! Constantine, think of that, and let us see what you will answer!

Constant. And yet war, papa, is quite delightful, and particularly if one were a king.

Com.

Com. Fr. In what, then, do you think it so delightful?

Constant. In the first place, because then a king may make himself more powerful.

Com. Fr. Be it granted, kings may have recourse to war with justice. But when they wish to have more power, do you imagine that in prudence they should do so; that is, go to war? Suppose within yourselves, dear children, that the lands about my estate here were as many little empires, and their owners, Mr. Marchmont and the rest, as many kings within them.

Arabella. Ay, like those of France and England. Do you understand?

Constant. Don't be uneasy, sister, upon my account. I understand extremely well. Pray, dear papa, go on!

Com. Fr. If I prevail upon my tenants to take arms, and if they can obtain possession of a field belonging, as I said just now, to Mr. Marchmont, is it not pretty likely that Mr. Marchmont will give his tenants arms, and beg them to defend that field, which they must know is his; and very possibly encourage them to seize on something that belongs to me?

Matilda.

Matilda. Yes, that is quite natural.

Com. Fr. If so, then I am plunged into a sea of trouble, and must always be upon the watch, that I may rob my neighbour, or prevent his robbing me. Of which the consequence is this: if I prosper, I must reasonably fear that my neighbours will conspire together to impede my further violences; and divide my spoils, if I am beaten.

Constant. Ay, papa; but then, the glory that you would gain, by letting all the neighbours see how brave you are!

Com. Fr. I understand you; and to gain this glory, which at best is but imaginary, I shall go and hazard the repose and life of those whom I ought to regard as my children! But it is very possible that my neighbour may be braver a great deal than I; what then shall I have gained by this fantastic wish of glory?

Constant. As I take it, you should previously provide yourself with such a force, as to be sure of conquest.

Com. Fr. I might still reply, by hinting that my neighbour certainly would take the same advantages, might possibly be more

successful, and so make my enterprising disposition cost me dear at last. But for the sake of argument, Constantine, I will suppose that fortune favours me, and my estate is much enlarged: alas! this very circumstance, in all probability, may become my ruin.

Constant. How, papa? Methinks you would become the richer for it. With a greater quantity of land, you would have much more money coming in.

Com. Fr. Ah, Constantine! it is not on the size of an estate that its worth depends, but on the care which one takes to cultivate it.

Arabella. Certainly; for only think of Wilsdon-heath, where Mr. Bramble lives. Why, no one in his senses would give up the fourth part of such an orchard as we have for all that heath.

Matilda. I easily believe you. Wilsdon-heath produces only furze and thorns, while our orchard bears a deal of fruit.

Constant. But what would hinder you from cultivating all the land that you might have taken from your neighbour?

Com.

Com. Fr. If I have before-hand lost in the dispute a number of my tenants, and a portion of the rest are still employed in arms, who then will cultivate my fields? I shall, notwithstanding, in the interval, be obliged to feed those men who have forsaken agriculture, and who, instead of following it, are occupied in laying waste the ground on which they tread. Now, to feed them, I must put fresh burdens upon those that still remain employed in cultivating my estate, and make them pay me larger rents. If I impose upon them, they will leave their farms, and chuse more kind and peaceful landlords than myself. Of course, I shall have none about me but armed tenants, who, if ever they conceive themselves ill treated, will be likely to conspire against me.

Constant. I have read, indeed, such things in history: my tutor very lately, I remember, pointed one out to me.

Com. Fr. Let us now, on the other hand, suppose, Constantine; that instead of vexing any of the nations round me; for I drop the idea of a landlord, and speak as if I were the king of England, and alluded to the king

king of France : suppose, I say, that instead of vexing any of the king of France's subjects, I should do my utmost to attach them to me by a commerce advantageous both to them and my own people, and by being scrupulously careful to prevent whatever might occasion, for the time to come, division and dispute between us ; and should give encouragement, within my own dominions, to the arts of agriculture, so that every one of my subjects might enjoy, if he thought fit, the sweets of peace, and that serenity which always flows from justice ; should I not be happier, through the happiness of every one about me, than from any boast of having conquered ? And in that case, would not my dominion be established on a much more solid base than if I had enlarged its limits, when the consequence must be, that every part becomes much weaker ?

Constant. But, papa, do not you remember that you compared, just now, a kingdom to a human body ? If a human body then, like mine, grows stronger every day as it grows bigger, sure a kingdom must become

become more powerful in proportion as its size increases.

Com. Fr. So it would do, I confess, if that increase were carried forward, as it is in nature, by a slow and gradual rate, and not in consequence of sudden revolutions.

Constant. Pray, explain this last particular.

Com. Fr. I will make it clearly understood, by what I saw take place between a little boy and girl, on board the ship in which I came to England.

Constant. What you saw take place between a little boy and girl? I cannot conceive how any thing like that can be of use in settling this affair!

Com. Fr. One evening, their mama gave each of them a piece of cake. The girl was less a great deal than her brother, and had notwithstanding very near as large a piece. The boy remarked that circumstance, and snatched her share away. Now, what do you imagine led him to this action of injustice?

Constant. I suppose, he thought it wrong that his sister, being less than he, should have a piece almost as large.

Matilda. Oh! what a mighty man!

VOL. III.

F

Com.

Com. Fr. Exactly such is the pretext assigned in general by all conquerors. But what happened to the little boy? When he had finished eating, he grew sick. The aliments that we swallow, being meant to strengthen us, it is very natural to fancy that the more we take the stronger we shall be: so also it is not unnatural for a child to fancy that a prince, whose territories are increased, should find his power increased in proportion. But in reality, it is with a kingdom just as with our stomach. Being overcharged, it must be out of order. If the little boy had been contented with the piece that he had received, (for you must know he was an ailing child, and therefore had not so much as his sister who was very hearty,) it would have digested properly and strengthened him; whereas, by eating more than he could bear, it had the effect upon him which I have just now mentioned. If his sister, following the example that he had set her, had proceeded upon this to take away his bit of cake by force, as little as she was, he would not have had sufficient strength to save it from her.

Constant.

Constant. But, perhaps, he would have thought of the injustice that he had done, and yielded it without a struggle?

Com. Fr. That is a generosity of which the common sort of conquerors are not capable to one another. If they were but so in favour of their subjects only, how could they reflect upon the multitude of victims which they must sacrifice upon the altar of their vengeance or ambition, the first time they combat with the people whom they have made their enemies, and not be struck with horror at the thought? I should imagine it would be well, if kings, upon the point of undertaking any war, should have a picture hung before them, setting forth the horrors of that war, so that their fancies might be incessantly affected with the idea of it; and at midnight, when all nature otherwise is still about them, might hear the groans of wounded men reproaching them as the occasion of those pains which they suffer, the despairing cries of wives and mothers loading them with curses, and the clamours of a people famishing for want of bread. Their souls are sometimes wrought on, by unjust solicita-

tions, to grant criminals their life ; and yet they sign, without remorse, what shall condemn to death even thousands of their unoffending subjects. A good king employs whole years in meditating on a project that may finally prove beneficial to some portion of his state, to population, trade, or agriculture. Twenty years shall pass away before the project is perfected; while a warlike, that is, cruel king shall, by the resolution of a moment, half exterminate his people, put a stop to agriculture, tie up the industrious hands of artizans, deprive the poor of their subsistence by depriving them of daily work, reduce whole families to dissolution, and at last entirely overthrow his realm !

Constant. And yet, papa, I have often heard that great fortunes are made by hundreds, in the time of war.

Com. Fr. And this is an addition to the evils which it foments; for, not to speak of those antipathies which the inequality of wealth produces in the hearts of such as are each other's neighbours, those enormous fortunes cherish a degree of luxury that cannot but corrupt men's manners to the last excess.

excess. The pomp with which it is surrounded, the enjoyment which it procures, the shameful deference or respect which men dare not, if they would, refuse, stimulate the generality of those who are upon an equal footing in regard to rank with the luxurious, but less wealthy, to affect it with the same indecency, that they may either satisfy their pride or keep up their respectability. They waste their real wealth in keeping up their luxury, that they may gain possession of that shadowy wealth which they fancy they *shall* get. Intimidated by the dread of their approaching ruin, if they do not hasten to prevent it by unlawful methods, they embark in dangerous enterprises, and expose not only their own property, but whatever may be entrusted in their hands by others whom the hope of a fallacious profit will inveigle to be partners in their schemes. Their ruin is at last announced ; but the example will not terrify ; avarice always hopes to prosper more than others, by employing subtler artifices : and as soon as probity is given up, then mutual trust is banished, and a nation's commerce

perishes through the excess of that abundance which it created.

Constant. But if any land grows rich by peace, should we not always have sufficient cause to fear the same misfortune?

Com. Fr. Not at all. It is only fortunes suddenly made that intoxicate the minds of their possessors, and excite them to abuse their wealth. Fortunes gradually gained, or in the ordinary course of commerce, are the consequence of many years consumed in toil. Men hardly ever dissipate the treasure which they have laboured hard to acquire, but lay it by, to serve them in the wearisome condition of old age: besides, their fortunes are, in that case, much more equitable, and every one is rich, while no one overflows with wealth. The country, having far less wants in that serenity with which commerce blesses it, is not under the necessity of grinding the laborious husbandman; but, on the contrary, is able to encourage him in furnishing the trading part of the community with those supplies of corn and other fruits of the earth which it requires.—An empire strengthened thus by trade and agriculture, may give laws to other empires, even

even on account of its tranquillity. Its neighbours fear it, and instead of making inroads on a people who must be too powerful for them, seek alliance with it. This alliance draws mankind together, roots out national antipathies, and kindles sentiments of unity and concord in their stead. The prince has only to prevent abuses in the state. A perfect legislation causes justice and strict order to prevail among his people, and they pass from individuals to whole states. Trade, arts, and sciences, may be compared to bridges that extend from one to the other, and on which not only Peace, but Plenty, constantly walk to and fro, that they may keep inviolate the happiness of those whom they have united.

Constant. I conceive your meaning pretty clearly: yet, in case there be no war, then soldiers are unnecessary, and my regiment must be broke before I join it?

Comr. Fr. Not so fast, Constantine; for an undefended state would be exposed, by reason of its riches, to a multitude of enemies. It should keep up a regulated force in peace, if it would have one in the time of war. But then, instead of looking on an unconcerned

spectator, while the military quench their spirit in debauchery and sloth, it should assign them labours to keep up their strength, and make them useful to the state. They should be stationed on the public roads, and such as are employed at present on them never quit the plow and sickle: an additional connexion would, in that case, forcibly unite them to their country, in that natural propensity which men feel to value what their industry in some sort has created, and the pride with which they are at all times ready to defend it. The superior officer, who should direct their labours, would not, we must own, observe his name recorded in the papers of the day, nor any where else, for trifling enterprises, such as history descends not to perpetuate; but would himself engrave it on a pillar, raised upon the spot where once ascended a high hill that he should have levelled, on the side of a canal or pass that he should have dug, or at the opening of a bridge that he should have built. The traveller then would come from the remotest part of Europe to consider the magnificence and boldness of his toil, his countrymen would bless the benefits

benefits accruing from it, and a generation not then born, would in future time rise up, and wonder at its durability. The colour of his coat no longer would excite one thought of bloodshed, but of gratitude, so justly due to benefits, and of respect invariably paid to the ingenious. His leisure moments would be spent in the extension of those sciences which he had formerly studied, and in suggesting plans of policy, resulting from his observations made in different countries. Retiring, in the end, to pass away the residue of life on his estate with honour, in the recollection of those benefits which he had communicated to his country, his activity would flourish still in agriculture. I even dare propose myself as an example. I am inclined to think that I have been serviceable to my king in India ; but shall much more boast of benefiting for the time to come my native land, by cultivating the inheritance which a father left me, and by giving you, my children, a becoming education. I shall do my utmost to atone for any involuntary violence that I may have done humanity, by being henceforth a protector of the needy round about me ; and I

hope I shall not die without the conscious satisfaction which a good citizen enjoys, in having carefully discharged his duty.

Constant. What you say, papa, appears to me quite reasonable. Then why do not all men think as you do?

Com. Fr. Why, Constantine, but because they have unfortunately been brought up in prejudices, and not had sufficient resolution to correct them? Hitherto, philosophers have spoken to none but those whose understandings could not see the truth and beauty of those principles which I have happily been taught. Nor is there any hope that men, now come to years of reason and reflexion, should be taught to see them! so that those philosophers must get new pupils. In infancy the future man must be prepared. By giving him betimes a tincture of integrity, beneficence and generosity, he will obtain, in his maturity, the habit of displaying them in every action of his life; and place his glory in contributing, as far as he is able, to that general revolution so much to be wished for in behalf of virtue. A young prince possessed of these exalted notions, and persuaded that the rising generation

ration have them too, might rationally hope to govern a new sort of people, who would certainly afford a model to all other lands. Congratulate yourselves, dear children, on the circumstance of being born in those auspicious times, when children are, not only here, but universally throughout all Europe, the peculiar objects whose felicity philosophers are studying to promote ; and not they only, but even women—women, notwithstanding narrow-mindedness delights at all times to disparage, as it does, their understanding. Perhaps for you, and your contemporaries, is reserved the happiness of seeing the last traces of injustice and barbarity effaced among mankind. Thrice happy I, myself, if giving now these first ideas of a system of morality, so simple but sublime, I take but one step forward in the business of establishing this system in your hearts. You will do all that you can to second my endeavours, by communicating my instruction to your future children.

THE PAGE.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE PRINCE OF ——

MRS. DORFFEN.

ELDER DORFFEN, *an Ensign,* } Her Sons.YOUNGER DORFFEN, *Page,* } Her Sons.CAPTAIN DERENHOFF, — *Her brother.*

MASTER OF A ROYAL ACADEMY.

ATTENDANT.

The stage represents an anti-chamber in the palace. Beyond appears a bed-chamber with folding doors open; within side a camp bed, at the foot of which, on a stand, is a lamp lighted, and a watch.

SCENE I.

*The Prince (in a morning gown, lying upon a camp bed, and covered with a large cloak.)
The Page (asleep in an arm-chair in the anti-chamber.)*

The Prince (awaking.)

THIS is something like rest.—This is the happiness of peace.—One can now indulge sleep, without being aroused by



Book 50

The Page



the noise of arms. (*Looks at his watch.*) Two o'clock? It must be later! I have slept more than two hours. Page! page!

The Page, (starting from his sleep, half awake, and falling back into the arm-chair.)
Eh! who calls?—I'm coming—presently.

The Prince. Is any body there? What, no answer?

The Page, (turning himself and yawning.)
Oh dear! I was in such a fine sleep!

The Prince. I heard somebody speak. Who is there? (*He turns the lamp, and sees the page.*) Is it possible? What! that child here? Should he watch by me, or I by him? What could my people mean?

The Page, (rising up half asleep, and rubbing his eyes.) Sir?

The Prince. Come, come, my little friend, awake! Tell me what o'clock it is by your watch: mine is stopped.

The Page, (supporting himself on the arms of the chair, and still half asleep.) Eh? what, sir?

The Prince, (smiling.) You are fast asleep. What a comical little face! He would afford an excellent picture as he is now. I
bid

bid you see what o'clock it is by your watch.

The Page. (approaching slowly.) Watch, sir? I beg your highness's pardon! I have none.

The Prince. You are dreaming still; or have you really no watch?

The Page. I never had one.

The Prince. Never? How could your father send you hither without a thing so necessary, and indeed the only thing for which, in your case, you have an absolute occasion.

The Page. My father? Oh! I wish he were alive!

The Prince. You have no father, then?

The Page. He died, Sir, before I was born. I never saw him.

The Prince. Poor child! But your guardian, your mother should have taken care—

The Page. My mother, sir? Dear me! does not your highness know it? She lives very poorly indeed. What money she had she laid out upon me, but she had not enough to buy me a watch.

The Prince. Who is your guardian?

The

The Page. My uncle, sir.

The Prince, (*smiling.*) That is good. But there are so many uncles in the world! What is your uncle's name?

The Page. He is a captain in your highness's guards, and on guard to-day.

The Prince. You are right: I recollect him: it was he that brought you to me. My little man, take this taper; hold it fast. In that bed-room (*pointing*) there, on that side, you will find two watches hanging by the glass. Bring me the one that you find on the right-hand, and take care not to set the room on fire with the taper! Make haste!

The Page, (*going.*) Yes, sir.

SCENE II.

The Prince.

What a sweet child! what amiable simplicity! How happy should I be, if there were a man like this child for sincerity, and that man my friend!—It is a pity that he is so little: he will never answer; I must send him back to his mother.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Prince.

The Page, (holding the light in one hand, and the watch in the other.) It is five o'clock, sir.

The Prince. I was not mistaken : it will soon be light. (*Taking his watch.*) But is this the one that I sent you to bring ? Was this on the right hand ?

The Page. Is not that it, sir ? Indeed I thought it was.

The Prince. Well, my little friend, supposing it was, if you had known your own interest properly, you should have taken the other ; for this, set round as it is with brilliants, cannot be proper for a child to wear. Is it possible that covetousness directed your choice ? or are you like those who lose all, by trying to gain too much ? Tell me !

The Page. I do not know what your highness says.

The Prince. I must explain myself then more clearly. Can you tell the right from the left ?

The

The Page, (looking at each hand by turns.)
The right and the left, sir?

The Prince, (patting him on the shoulder.)
Well, my little friend, perhaps you distinguish them as little as good from evil. Pity that you cannot preserve that happy ignorance! Go, run and tell your uncle, the captain, to come to me. (*The page goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

The Prince.

How ingenuous! how amiable a child! —An additional reason for restoring him to his family. The court is the center of corruption. I will not suffer him to fall a victim to it. Yes, I will send him home. But where must he go, if his mother be so indigent, as he says, and not able to maintain him? I must enquire about it. Derenhoff can give me every information that I desire.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Prince, the Page

The Page. My uncle, the captain, is coming to your highness.

The Prince. Well, what is the matter? You look quite heavy. Perhaps you would wish to have a little more sleep?

The Page. Why yes, sir, a little.

The Prince. If that is all, go and fix yourself again in your arm-chair. I have been a child myself, and know how agreeable rest is at your age. Go, seat yourself, I tell you; I give you leave. (*The page sits in the arm-chair, and settles himself to sleep.*) I thought he would not need to be bid twice.

The Prince, Capt. Derenhoff, the Page, (asleep.)

SCENE VI.

Capt. Derenhoff. Your highness—

The Prince. Come in, captain. What do you think of the little messenger that I sent to

to you? What use shall I make of him?
to attend me in my chamber?

Capt. D. (*shrugging up his shoulders.*) I
confess, sir, he is rather little.

The Prince. Or to go on horseback on
my business?

Capt. D. I should be afraid that he would
never come back.

The Prince. Or to watch here at night?

Capt. D. (*smiling.*) Yes, if your highness
should sleep yourself.

The Prince. What can I do then with this
child? nothing; it is plain. So that in
bringing him hither, you probably did not
intend that he should be of use to me in his
service, but that I should to him in his for-
tune. You told me, I recollect, that his
mother was not able to bring him up; but
is it true that she is reduced absolutely to
indigence?

Capt. D. (*laying his hand on his breast.*)
Yes, sir, it is the exact truth.

The Prince. And by what misfortunes?

Capt. D. By this very last war, which has
enriched so many others. It is true, her
estate was something encumbered, but at
present it is taken totally out of her hands.

Every

Every thing is pillaged, burnt, utterly destroyed. Besides all this, law suits : they follow war as the plague does famine. Happily for her, her children are settled for the present. The youngest is page to your highness, the eldest, ensign in your highness's guards. As to the mother, she lives as she can.

The Prince. Wretchedly enough, no doubt.

Capt. D. True sir. (*Coldly.*) She has retired to a cottage, where she lives quite alone and retired. I never go to see her. I am her brother, and could not bear the shocking sight of her distres.

The Prince. You are her brother ?

Capt. D. Yes, sir, unhappily.

The Prince, (*with contempt.*) Unhappily ? and you never go to see her ? I understand you, sir. Her distress would make you blush ; or, if it affected you, to relieve her, you think, would cost you something. (*Capt. Derenboff appears confused.*) What is your sister's name ?

Capt. D. Dorffen, sir.

The Prince, (*musing.*) Dorffen ? Had not I a major of that name in my troops ?

Capt.

Capt. D. Yes, sir.

The Prince. Who was killed at the opening of the first campaign of the war?

Capt. D. True, sir. He was father to the ensign, and to this child; a man of honour, and perfectly brave. He mounted a breach with the cheerfulness of one going to an entertainment. He had the heart of a lion.

The Prince. Of a man, captain; that is saying more. I remember him very well, and could wish—

Capt. D. (*drawing near.*) What would your highness wish?

The Prince. To speak with his widow.

Capt. D. Your highness may do that immediately. She is here.

The Prince. Is she here? send to her; let her come to me as soon as she rises. I desire to see her, and to return her child to her.

Capt. D. Sir—

The Prince. I forbid your mentioning it to her. Go. (*Capt. Derenhoff goes out.*)

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Prince, the Page, (asleep.)

The Prince. What ! reduced to so distressful a situation by the war ? Dreadful scourge ! how many families has it plunged into misery ! Still, however, it is better that they should be unhappy by the war than by me. It is necessity, and not my choice, that has made me take up arms. (*He rises, and after walking about a little, stops before the Page's chair.*) Amiable child !—how he sleeps at his ease ! It is innocence in the arms of sleep. He thinks himself in the house of a friend, where he ought not to be under constraint. Perfectly in nature ! (*walks about again.*) His mother ? But indeed I should not concern myself much for her, if she were like the captain. I will put her to the proof, in order to know her ; and then—then it will be time enough to take my measures. (*He leans over the back of the arm-chair, and looking fondly at the Page, perceives a letter hanging out of his pocket.*) But what is this ? a letter ?

letter? (*opens it, and reads at the bottom*)

"Your affectionate mother, Catharine Dorffen." Ah! it is from his mother. Shall I read it? I wish to know her character. She will not dissemble with her own child. Let us see. (*reads.*)

"My dear son. The difficulty that you find in writing, has not, I see, hindered your complying with my request; and your letter is even longer than I could expect. This willingness in you convinces me that you love me. I am sensible of it, and thank you sincerely for it. You tell me that you have been introduced to the prince; that he has been so good as to approve of you; that he is the best and mildest of masters; and that you love him very much already." (*He looks at the page.*) What, my friend, you have written so to your mother? I only do my duty, then, in making you a return, and in seeking to give you proofs of my friendship. "You have reason to love him, my dear child; for without his generous assistance, what would be your lot in this world? You have lost your father; and although your mother be still living, you are not the less to be pitied. Fortune

has

has put it out of her power to fulfil her duty to you ; that is my greatest grief, and the most cruel of my distresses. While I had only to think of myself, misfortunes could never affect me ; but when your image offers itself to my thoughts, my heart is ready to burst, and my tears never cease." Much tenderness, much sensibility appears here ; and if she be as excellent a woman as she is a tender mother—And why should she not ? She is, I have not a doubt of it. " I cannot, my dear, lead you myself in the road to fortune, as I could wish ; I am obliged to remain here in solitude and retirement ; but I shall never cease to give you my advice with all the earnestness of affection ; and while my voice can reach you, it shall constantly entreat you to follow the paths of honour and virtue. As a fresh proof of that obedience which you have hitherto shewn to me, I request you always to carry this letter about you." (*looks at the page.*) Well, he has been obedient. " If ever you should be in danger of failing in your duty, or neglecting the advice that I gave you when I kissed you at parting, and bedewed you with my tears, then my dear son

son remember this letter ; open it ; think of your mother, your unfortunate mother, who is only supported in her solitude by the hopes that she builds on you." What has he not a brother ? " Think that she would die with grief were you to behave amiss, and that you yourself would stab the heart that loves you above all things upon earth." She sees his danger. She is right, for he is much exposed here. Ought she to have sent him hither ? " It is not suspicion or distrust that make me speak thus. Your behaviour never gave me cause for them. No, my dear child ; but your brother has made my tears flow ; you, I hope, will spare the feelings of your mother more than he has done." So then, the eldest?—the ensign?—I must inform myself more of this. " You have always behaved with duty and respect ; I own it with tears of joy. Go on, my dear child ; become an honest man, and your mother, be she ever so poor, ever so unhappy, will soon forget her misfortunes and distress." Very well. I like this woinan ; misfortune exalts her sentiments, instead of depressing them. " You tell me at the end of your letter, that all your com-

panions have watches. I know that you should have one too; however, you break off there, and do not express even a wish for one. This reserve pleases me, and I am unhappy in not being able to reward it. You know, my dear, that I cannot, and therefore you will pardon me. Busineſs of importance calls me to the capital; I am going thither, and this journey will take from me what little money I have left. It is a necessary expence, and I cannot avoid it. But be assured that in the end I shall do every thing in my power to satisfy your wish. And should I even stint myself of necessaries, I will never suffer my heart's best beloved to want an encouragement to virtue. I hope soon to see you again, and am." — This woman is worthy of a better lot. I will keep this letter, and shew it to my wife. But stay, it is this child's treasure; why deprive him of it? (*He puts the letter into the page's pocket again.*) With what tranquility he sleeps still! Heaven, they say, prepares the happiness of its children while they sleep. (*He takes him by the hand.*) Ho! my little friend! (*The page awakes, and looks at the prince for some time.*)

He

He is a charming child, upon my life!
Come, my little friend, awake. It is broad
day, and you cannot sleep here any longer.
Rise.

The Page, (rising slowly.) Yes, sir.

The Prince. You are fast asleep still.
Here, go into my bed-room. (*He goes in.*)
Put out the light, and shut the doors. Now
go to that place where you found the watch.
Make haste! not there, this way. Here,
straight on; quick; come back the other
side. Well, are you awake now?

The Page. Heigho! yes, sir.

The Prince. Tell me, for I look upon
you as a diligent child, and even clever;
can you write letters?

The Page. Oh, yes; when I set about it.
I have writ two long ones already.

The Prince. These two were to your mo-
ther, I suppose.

The Page, (with a pleased, familiar air.)
Yes, sir, to my mother.

The Prince. Joy sparkles in your eyes
when I speak of her. (*aside.*) What affec-
tion they bear to each other even in poverty!
But is your mother very good?

The Page, (taking the prince's hand between both his.) O, Sir, if you knew her!

The Prince. I will know her, my little friend.

The Page. She is so good-natured, and so fond of me—

The Prince. I could wish her sons to be like her. Your brother the ensign? they say he does not go on well. But you?—

The Page, (shaking his head.) Ah! my brother the ensign—

The Prince. Yes, they say that he causes your mother much trouble. Is that true?

The Page. Ah! sir—But I was forbid to open my lips about it. If his colonel knew—(with an air of confidence.) Oh! that colonel is an ill-natured man.

The Prince. He shall know nothing of it, I promise you. Speak then; what has been the matter? what has your brother done?

The Page. A great many things. I don't know myself quite how it was. I only saw that my mother was mighty angry about it; and to hide my brother's fault, she gave away all that she was worth in the world. (He goes near to the prince and speaks low.)

Only

Only for that, she said, he might have been broke.

The Prince. Broke? for what?

The Page. Ah! sir, I cannot tell that.

The Prince. What, not to me?

The Page. They would not let me know that myself.

The Prince, (*laughing.*) They were very right, I think. But as to you, since you have not a watch, I suppose you asked your mother in your letter to buy you one.

The Page. Only once, no more.

The Prince. Oh! then she was angry with you?

The Page. No, no, sir; so far from that, she wrote to me that she would spare from the little money that she had, and buy me one. I am sorry that I spoke to her of it. She can hardly live as it is. That grieves me very much.

The Prince. So it should. A good son should not be an expence to his mother. It is his duty, on the contrary, to seek all means of relieving her. As to the watch, if that were all, one might content you. (*He takes out his purse.*) Hold, my little friend; here are twelve guineas that I can

spare. I will make you a present of them. Give me your hand.

The Page, (holding his hand, while the prince counts out the money.) Are they for me, sir?

The Prince. Yes, certainly; but tell me, what do you think to do with this money?

The Page. Could not I buy a watch with it?

The Prince. Yes, and a very handsome one; but, however, when we consider the matter, you have no absolute occasion for a watch. There are enough here. (*While he speaks, the page looks earnestly at him.*) If I were in your place, I know very well what I would do. I would lay that money out better. However, just as you please. I am going to dress. Stay here until I come back.

The Page, (calling him.) Sir?

The Prince. Well, what do you want?

The Page. My mother is in town. She sets off this morning, and I could wish to take my leave of her. (*coaxingly.*) Will your highness give me leave?

The Prince. No, my boy; there is no occasion for that. Your mother shall come to you for this time. You shall see her; have a little patience. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

The Page.

She will come here? I shall see her here? what can be the reason of that? no matter; if she comes and sees me, that is enough. One, two, three—(*counts all the money.*) Twelve guineas to buy a watch! How happy I am! I think I have it already in my hands; I hear it tick, and wind it up myself. But when the prince said that he knew very well what he would do if he was in my place, what did he mean by that? what would he do then? Oh! he has watches in all his rooms; so he does not know what it is to want one. But he told me, too, that a good son should relieve his mother. No doubt he was thinking then of mine. Twelve guineas! (*looks at them.*) It is a great deal of money indeed; a great deal of money. If my mother had them, they would be of great service to her. (*He presses the money to his breast with both his hands.*) Ah! a watch! a watch! (*lets his hands fall.*) But then a mother too! and so

kind a mother! Yesterday, too, she was so dull, she looked so pale, and so ill. I do believe, that giving her this money would recover her at once.—Shall I go without it myself for her sake?—(*With resolution.*) Yes, I will.—But let her come soon, for I may change my mind. I have the watch at heart still! (*Puts his finger on his mouth.*) Not a word! Hiss! somebody comes.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Dorffen, Captain Derenhoff, the Page.

The Page, (running to meet his mother.) Ah! mama!

Mrs. Dorffen, (looks anxiously round, without minding the child.) I do not know, brother, but I am uneasy; what can his highness want with me?

Capt. D. There; look at that child. He is going to give him back to you. (She looks at the child with surprise and concern, who meantime hangs on her, quite joyful.) But in fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the prince do with him? The other

other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he—(*with a look of contempt*) he is such a diminutive creature, he never will be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

Mrs. Dorffen. (sorrowfully.) Oh! brother!

Capt. D. In short, when you see the prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favour of the ensign. He has some appearance at least; he is a man.

Mrs. Dorffen. In favour of the ensign?

Capt. D. Yes, he has sent for him.

Mrs. Dorffen. You frighten me. Can he have learnt?—

Capt. D. (coldly.) It may be so: nay indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane, and shaking his head.*) What do you think would be the consequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp, and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who settled the affair—(*with vehemence.*)

mence.) I tell you, and you will see it, I shall suffer for my own good nature, and perhaps be put under arrest myself. I wish I had never concerned myself about your children. However, I never shall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never shall as long as I live. (*goes out.*)

SCENE X.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page, (seeing her concern.) My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mama, never fear.

Mrs. Dorffen. Be quiet, child; you don't know—

The Page. Oh! I know more than he does. The prince is not what he says. He never does harm to any body. So far from that, look, look here; (*shows the twelve guineas in his hand*) see all that—and it was he that gave it to me.

Mrs. Dorffen, (astonished.) Is it possible? The Prince?

The Page. He took it out of a large, large purse that was full of gold, a little before

fore you came. Ah ! if the prince chose, mama, if he chose—Oh ! he is rich, I promise you.

Mrs. Dorffen. But how was this ? I do not understand it. He must have had some reason.

The Page. Certainly. His watch was stopped. He had been hunting all day yesterday, and forgot to wind it up ; and this morning—(*he runs to the bed-room, and opens the door.*) There, mama ; there is the place where he lay. So he called me, and bid me look at my watch ; and as I had none—

Mrs. Dorffen. He gave you that money.

The Page. Yes, he gave it to me to buy one. (*Shewing the money again.*) Twelve guineas, mama.

Mrs. Dorffen. Look at me. Am I to believe you ?

The Page. Indeed you may. But I am not in a hurry for a watch. I shall have one some time or other. (*taking his mother's hand.*) Take this money, mama. Put it into your purse.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*with emotion.*) What, my dear ? How ?—

The Page. I am so sorry to see you always crying. Ah! mama, I wish I had a great deal of money, then you should never cry any more. All, yes every farthing you should have and welcome.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*leaning over him.*) What! would you give it me, my dear?

The Page. How pleased I should be to see you happy and contented!

Mrs. Dorffen, (*kissing him.*) I am happy, my love. I would not give the happiness that I feel this moment for all your prince's gold. You do not know, my dear, how the compassionate tenderness of a son impresses the heart of an unfortunate mother.

The Page, (*taking his mother's hand again.*) But you will take this money, though; I beg you, my dear mama, not to refuse me.

Mrs. Dorffen. Yes, my dear, I will take it. As others may impose upon you; I shall take care to—

The Page. To do what? to buy me a watch?

Mrs. Dorffen. Why, if you remain with the prince, you will want one.

The Page. Oh! no, no. The prince has

watches in every room. He told me himself that I should not want one.

Mrs. Dorffen. But what he has given you was to buy one.

The Page. That is what he told me, however.

Mrs. Dorffen. You are deceiving me, my dear; and even your fondness for your mother should not make you tell a story!

The Page. A story? Then you do not believe me? Now I wish that his highness were here, I wish he would come. (*turning about.*) O! here he is himself.

SCENE XI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page, (*running to meet the prince.*) Is it not true, sir, that you gave me twelve guineas at first, to buy a watch?

The Prince, (*smiling.*) Yes, my man.

The Page. And did not you tell me afterwards, that I should not want one?

The Prince. Yes, that is true too.

The

The Page, (turning immediately towards his mother.) Well, mama, now?

Mrs. Dorffen. (confused.) Your highness will be so good as to excuse the simplicity of a child who forgets the respect—

The Prince. Excuse it, madam! that simplicity delights me, and I could wish to find it in every body; it is so agreeable to nature. Well, my man, your mother would not believe you then?

The Page, (looking a little vexed.) No, sir. At first she would not believe me, and afterwards she would not accept the money.

The Prince. What do you say? accept? Why, have you thought so little of my present, as to give it away again? I cannot suppose that.

The Page, (hesitating.) Sir—

The Prince. If I thought so, I should not be very ready to give you more. Come then, tell me the truth; is it so?

The Page, (pointing to his mother.) Ah! sir, my mama is so poor!

The Prince, (chucking him under the chin.) Good little soul! Have you given up then the only object of your wishes, in order to relieve your mother? It would be very hard,

hard, indeed, that you should lose a watch for doing so. (*He takes out his own.*) There! if I had but this single watch, I would give it to you, to reward your affection.

The Page, (*taking it joyfully.*) Oh! sir. But does it go?

The Prince. Never fear; it goes very well. (*The page runs to his mother, to shew her the watch.*)

The Prince. Come, my little friend, put up your watch. And since you have made so good use of the little that I gave you, (*gives him his purse.*) here, take this. There are a hundred guineas instead of the first twelve.

The Page, (*looking at him with astonishment.*) Sir?

The Prince. Do you hesitate? Here, take them.

The Page. What, the purse, sir, and all that is—(*Going to return it.*) Indeed it is too much.

The Prince. Yes, for yourself. But I give it to you, that you may dispose of it. And who do you think wants it most?

The Page. Who wants it? (*Looks at the Prince*

Prince and his mother by turns.) There, mama, take it.

Mrs. Dorffen, (coming forward towards the prince.) Your highness—

The Prince. Pray, no acknowledgements, madam. You will find that it is very little, and I fear it may be of more harm to you than advantage. But (*pointing to the page*) I need not tell you that this child is too weak and too little for my service. At his age, children are hardly able to do much for others. In short, I hope you will have no objection to take him back again. You are silent.

Mrs. Dorffen. Your highness will excuse—

The Prince. What?

Mrs. Dorffen. I own, sir, I am wrong to blush for a poverty which I did not bring upon myself, and I may without disgrace ingenuously confess it to my sovereign. (*Coming nearer, and looking steadfastly at him.*) Yes, sir; my circumstances are too narrow to maintain and bring up my son. I have long looked forward to the future with an anxious eye; and now my fears are real. I shall be the victim of grief. Alas! if I

must

must carry back with me into the sorrowful retreat of misery this child that your highness returns to me, who is the only object of all my concern; this child who is too young as yet—(*endeavouring to contain her tears*) to—feel the loss of a father—Ah! pardon a mother's weakness.

The Page, (taking the prince's hand, sorrowfully.) Mama is crying, sir.

The Prince. Well! supposing that you were to live with your mother?

The Page, (with a look of entreaty.) Your highness won't send me home?

The Prince. No? Do you think not? This confidence, my little friend, pleases me. Madam, he may stay. And yet it would be a pity if his morals, his innocence—But—no—There is nothing to fear as yet.

Mrs. Dorffen, (looking at him attentively.) His innocence did your highness say?

The Prince. There is no fear, madam. You would imagine, perhaps, that I wish to draw back my word. But don't be uneasy.

Mrs. Dorffen, (fearfully.) Yet, might I take the liberty, without breaking through the respect that I owe your highness, to request you to explain yourself—

The

The Prince. Madam, what I meant was this. I have for some time past been extremely dissatisfied with my pages. Their company and example might, perhaps—Yet after all it is but a perhaps, and one may try—

Mrs. Dorffen, (*eagerly seizing her son's hand.*) No, sir.

The Prince, (*affecting displeasure.*) No? As you please, madam.

Mrs. Dorffen. My son's innocence is too dear to me. I shudder at the dangers to which I was going to expose him.

The Prince. But consider—

Mrs. Dorffen. I consider nothing: I see my son in the midst of the flames; and if I can but save him, no matter, though he should be naked.

The Prince. But without fortune, without education, madam, what will become of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever it shall please heaven. I submit to the divine will. If he cannot support his birth, let him go labour in the fields; let him die in poverty, but retain his innocence.

The

The Prince, (in his natural manner.) This is thinking nobly. Yes, madam, I see, you deserve every thing that I can possibly do for you. (*Coming nearer to her and speaking with earnestness.*) In what can I be of assistance to you? Tell me how I can serve you. Only speak, you see a friend before you.

Mrs. Dorffen, (with emotion.) Ah! sir—

The Prince. Tell me first of all what is your situation. How are you with regard to your estate?

Mrs. Dorffen. It will be absolutely impossible, sir, for me to save it.

The Prince. Your debts then are pretty considerable? You are at law now, I am told. Do not they give you any hopes?

Mrs. Dorffen. None, sir. One cause, concerning a small inheritance, should have been decided long ago in my favour. My title is indisputable. But interest and money are against it. Necessity brought me hither to town, in order to endeavour a compromise, but I could not succeed.

The Prince. So much the better. You shall have justice now, without making any sacrifice, I give you my word of honour;

and accept moreover a pension of a hundred a year. I hope that it will put you above every necessity.

Mrs. Dorffen, (throwing herself at his feet.)
Oh ! sir, so much goodness ! how shall I—

The Prince, (raising her.) What are you doing, madam ? Rise, I request you. I only discharge what I owe to the memory of a man whose widow you are. I do for you no more than I would do for any one whose virtue I esteemed. Tell me, would you still hesitate to take back your child ?

Mrs. Dorffen. Sir, could I so forget—

The Prince. And you, my little friend, would you like to go back with your mother ?

The Page, (playing with his watch.) With my mother ? Yes, sir.

The Prince. And yet now I know that you love me, would not you like as well to stay with me ?

The Page. Yes, very well, sir.

The Prince. Now, if that be so, were I to give you back to your mother, it would be sending you away from me, and you have asked me so earnestly to keep you here. Besides, your mother has thrown you into
my

my arms. I must therefore take another way to settle matters. Stop here, madam, I shall be with you in a moment.

SCENE XII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*throwing herself into an arm chair.*) O blessed day ! O unexpected happiness !

The Page. Well, mama ; well, are you glad ?

Mrs. Dorffen, (*drawing him to her affectionately.*) O my son, my dear son !

The Page. But you do not rejoice. You ought to be merrier, mama.

Mrs. Dorffen. My happiness even makes me blush. It reproaches me for the little trust that I had in Providence, and for the sorrow that I felt when you came into the world. It was but a moment after I had heard of the loss of your father. I looked at you with pity, and lamented that you ever saw the light. (*She takes him in her arms and kisses him.*) Yet it was you that was to relieve your unfortunate mother !

your

your young hands were to dry up her tears !
O heaven ! what can I now desire more ?
Nothing, nothing, but to be sure of your
brother's lot, and then my happiness would
be complete.

The Page. My brother's ? Why, mama,
what of him ?

Mrs. Dorffen. If the prince knew what
he has done —

The Prince. And if he did, there would
be nothing of it. You saw how good and
how generous he is.

Mrs. Dorffen. To us, my dear, who are
not guilty of any crime.

The Page. Besides, he promised me that
he would not tell, and that the colonel
should know nothing of it.

Mrs. Dorffen, (frightened.) What ! he
promised you !

The Page. Yes, indeed : so you need not
be afraid.

Mrs. Dorffen. I am thunder-struck. You
have told him then ?

The Page. Nay, hardly any thing. Only
all that I knew. And then he asked me
concerning my brother's behaviour, and so
I could

I could not tell a fib. You know you bid me never to do so.

Mrs. Dorffen. But, my dear child—

The Page. Why, mama, are you uneasy?

Mrs. Dorffen. Uneasy? O heavens! can you ask? Oh! if the prince should enquire farther, if he should be informed—You may ruin your mother and your brother! you may plunge us all into the deepest misery.

The Page, (ready to cry.) The deepest misery?

Mrs. Dorffen. Somebody comes—(She kisses and encourages him.) Say not a word. Dry up your tears. They will only, perhaps, make the matter worse. Do not be uneasy.

S C E N E XIII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Prince followed by Captain Derenhoff, and Ensign Dorffen.

The Prince. Come in, gentlemen. (To the Ensign.) You are ensign Dorffen, then? the son of that brave Major?

Ensign Dorffen, (bowing very low.) Yes, sir.

The

The Prince. That is a great recommendation with me. Your father was a man of honour and a brave officer. I have no doubt but his example rouses your emulation, and that you strive to make yourself worthy of him.

Ensign Dorffen. Sir, I only do my duty.

The Prince. That is doing every thing. The bravest man can do no more. There, sir, is your mother: her virtues, and the hopes that may be formed of this amiable child, have given me the most favourable idea of your family; and therefore I wished to see you all assembled here.

Ensign Dorffen, (still bowing.) Your highness does me particular honour!

The Prince. No more, certainly, than you deserve.

Ensign Dorffen. Your highness judges favourably of me.

The Prince. Really, sir, I only want to be confirmed in the opinion that I am tempted to form of you at present, in order to make your fortune: and yet that air of freedom and confidence that becomes you so well—

Ensign Dorffen. Ah! sir.

The

The Prince. Denotes (permit me to say) a heart either very noble, or very corrupt. The son of such parents cannot be suspected. Certainly not. Therefore, sir, what can we do to serve you? A step higher would not advance you much in rank. What think you?

Ensign Dorffen, (rubbing his hands.) No, certainly sir.

The Prince. Now, if we were to pass over this step? A Company! the rank of captain! It is the main object with you young gentlemen. But first—(turning short round to *Capt. Derenhoff*) Sir, what is your opinion of your nephew?

Capt. Derenhoff, (something confused.) Mine, sir? My opinion?

The Prince. One would think it to be unfavourable.

Capt. Derenhoff. No, sir, rather much the contrary; I believe that he has courage, and will be a brave—

The Prince, (looking with satisfaction at *ensign Dorffen*.) Ay, is that true?

Capt. Derenhoff. Besides, he has a promising figure.

The Prince. He is a fine lad, I confess. But his behaviour, his morals? I am ashamed, indeed, to ask you about such trifles. In short, what is his character?

Capt. Derenhoff, (smiling.) Oh! a little too airy, sometimes petulant. After all, sir, you know, that does not misbecome a soldier.

The Prince. I know? Really that is something new to me. I want now, madam, only your testimony. What will you say of your son?—(After a pause) Nothing?

Mrs. Dorffen. What should I say of him?

The Prince. What you think. The truth.

Mrs. Dorffen. But can I, sir? If I had reason to praise him, would you wish me to do it in his presence? or should I speak to his prejudice before him who can determine his fortune?

The Prince, (smiling.) Excellent, madam. To the fondness of a mother you join the address of a woman. I cannot but admire you. (In a serious tone.) Sir, every one has his way. I have mine, when I mean to advance an officer, I begin with putting him under arrest. What do you think of it?

Ensign Dorffen, (frightened.) Sir—

The Prince. Yes, that is my manner. Give up your sword to the captain. An air of more modesty would have excused all. But this confidence, this undaunted tone—What can be expected from a person who with your conscience is master of such assurance? who should be sensible that he has deserved my displeasure? who knows how unworthily he has treated the best of mothers? and who nevertheless—Sir, let him be confined for a month. I will have no explanation upon what is past, and that on your account, madam, and because of the manner in which I came by my information; but particularly because circumstances make me presume that his fault is of a weighty nature—(*With a severe and determined voice.*) Captain, if hereafter any thing should happen, I desire to be informed of it immediately, you understand? immediately. I mean to advance this young man; and neither you (*to the captain,*) nor (*in a gentler tone*) you, madam, shall make me alter my plan—Never give him any thing, never the smallest trifle by way of present. His pay may serve him; and let

him learn to contract his expences. (*Making a sign with his hand.*) Go, sir, to your confinement. (*The two officers go out.*)

SCENE XIV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Prince. Well, madam, you seem dejected.

Mrs. Dorffen, (respectfully.) Sir, I am a mother.

The Prince. But you are not one of those weak mothers, who, to spare their children a slight mortification, chuse not to correct them.

Mrs. Dorffen. That would be a very false tenderness. No, sir, I only fear that he may have lost for ever his prince's favour.

The Prince. Do not be uneasy, madam. My design is barely to make him worthy of the favours that I mean to bestow on him. His youth claims some indulgence, therefore I excuse his levities and indiscretion; but I shall not always do so. What in one person brings back the love of virtue along

with repentance, will in another strengthen his inclination to vice. Upon the whole, make yourself easy. The young gentleman will come to himself, and I shall proportion my favour to his improvement. (*Turning to the page.*) As to this child, do you know what my intentions are?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever they are, sir, they will only aim to secure his happiness. O, sir! I have never let pass a day without paying to your virtues the tribute of my homage, but I now see how far it fell below them.

The Prince. What would you say, madam? You do not know me. My object is to give the state a worthy member, and myself a faithful servant, and to raise up for my son a friend who may one day be ready to sacrifice his life for him as his father has done for me.

SCENE XV.

*The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.
Attendant.*

Attendant. Please your highness, the Master of the Royal Academy.

The Prince. Let him come in. I hope, madam, that you need only to be informed of my intentions to approve them.

SCENE XVI.

The Prince. Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Master of the Royal School.

The Master, (bowing.) I am come according to your highness's orders.

The Prince. Your servant, sir, I am glad to see you. What do children of the first condition pay at the Royal School?

The Master. Of the first condition, sir? That is as parents agree.

The Prince. However, mention the terms.

The Master. Sixty pounds, sir.

The Prince. Very well. This child I mean to send to you. And as I shall be instead of a father to him, I propose to do as much for him as the best gentlemen do for their children. But tell me, who has the care of attending to these young persons? for that is the essential point.

The Master. The different masters, sir.

The

The Prince. Who are, I suppose, qualified for their employment. But I do not know them. It is on you alone, sir, that I wish to depend. You have gained my confidence. Would you be so good as to take this child particularly under your own care?

The Master. Sir, it is my duty.

The Prince. I do not mean to make it a duty to you. Will it be agreeable?

The Master. Sir, my duty is always agreeable to me.

The Prince. Very well. You may depend then on my gratitude. (*To the page, as he takes him by the hand.*) Come hither, my man; do you see this gentleman? he is mild and good-natured; would you like to go and live with him?

The Page, (*after looking a moment at the master.*) Yes, sir.

The Prince. But observe, you are to look upon this gentleman as your master, as your benefactor. You are to shew him the greatest obedience, and the most dutiful respect; and if ever he has reason to complain of you—

The Page. Oh! sir, he never shall.

The Prince. You have seen that I can be as severe as I am gentle. So that at the smallest complaint—

The Page, (*bowing respectfully to the master.*) I hope, sir, you will never have reason to complain of me.

The Prince. How do you like this child?

The Master. It is enough, sir, that I receive him from your hands; that will make him always dear to me as my own son.

The Prince. Well then, he may go with you. You have no objection, madam?

Mrs. Dorffen. Heavens, sir! objection?

The Prince. Go then, my dear; and never quit the paths of virtue and honour. I have only to add, that you may make yourself easy; you shall never want. But why so dull?

The Page, (*taking the prince's hand.*) I wish your highness all happiness.

The Prince, (*tenderly.*) And I you the same, my good little friend. God bless you, my dear. How grateful his heart is already! Now, sir, you may take him: and you, madam, accompany this gentleman, and see where your son is to be.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen, (throwing herself at his feet.) Can I leave your highness without humbly—

The Prince. What are you doing, madam? I do not like this.

Mrs. Dorffen. Permit me to—

The Prince, (raising her.) By no means. Rise, madam. I cannot suffer that in any body.

Mrs. Dorffen. Well, I obey your highness, and take my leave—(Lifting up her bands.) I will bend then before my Maker, and pray him to protect for ever so generous a prince.

The Prince, (with condescension, accompanying her a few steps.) Farewel, madam, I wish you happy.

VANITY PUNISHED.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER**MRS. WALLER.****VALENTINE,** *Their Son.***MR. RAY,****MR. NASH,****MICHAEL,****MARTIN,**{ *Friends to Mr. Waller.**a Country Boy.**the Gardener.*

SCENE I. A GARDEN.

Mr. Waller, Mrs. Waller.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity than from a real desire of improving himself, that he always appears to be busy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think so, my dear?

Mr.



Cook 16.

Vanity punished



Mr. W. Do not you remark that he casts a side-look now and then, to see if any body takes notice of him ?

Mrs. W. And yet his masters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and all agree that he is very far advanced for his age.

Mr. W. That is true. But if my suspicions are right, and if the little that he can know has made him vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modest.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing ?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great extent of knowledge, but upright, modest and industrious, is a much more estimable member of society than a learned man whose studies have turned his head, and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think that my son is of that description.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid ! But while we are here in the country I shall have more opportunities of observing him ; and I am resolved to take advantage of the first that shall offer, to clear up my doubts. I see

him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

SCENE II.

Mr. Waller, Valentine.

Val. (to *Michael*, whom he pushes back.) No ; leave me. Papa, it is that little fool of a country boy that comes always to interrupt me in my reading.

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool ?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what you have learnt, I grant you ; but then he knows many things which you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know, one to the other.

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him ?

Mr. W. If ever you should have a farm, do you think that it would be of no service to you to have an early notion of the labours of the country, to learn to distinguish trees and plants, to know the times of sowing and harvest, and to study the wonders of vegetation ?

vegetation? Michael possesses these different parts of knowledge, and desires no better than to share them with you. They will, perhaps, be hereafter of the greatest use to you. Those, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no service to him. So that you see, in this intercourse, all the advantage is on your side.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy?

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of instructing you? I know no real distinction among men, except that of useful talents and good manners; and you must own that in both these points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every station, they consist in treating all persons as our duty prescribes to us. He does so, in shewing a particular attachment and complaisance to you. Do you do the same? do you make a return of mildness and good will? And yet he seems to merit them. He is active and intelligent. I believe him to be possest of good-nature,

nature, spirit, and good sense. You ought to think yourself very happy in having so amiable a companion with whom you may at once amuse and improve yourself. His father is my foster-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty sure that Michael has the same for you. See how the poor little fellow hankers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care to use him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage than in many palaces. His family too have been our tenants for some generations; and I should be glad to see the connexion continued between our children. (He goes out.)

SCENE III.

Valentine, (alone.)

Yes, a fine connexion indeed! I think papa is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No; I will surprise him now so much with my learning, that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Michael.

Mich. You won't have my little nosegay, then, master Valentine?

Val. Nosegay? Pshaw! neither ranunculus nor tulip.

Mich. Why, it is true, they are only field flowers, but they are pretty, and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was resolved not to go home yesterday evening without bringing you something; and as I came back from work, though it was rather late, and I had a great mind for my supper, I stopped in our close, to gather them by the light of the moon.

Val. You talk of the moon! Do you know how big it is?

Mich. Heh! Fegs! as big as a cheese.

Val.

Val. Ignorant little clown ! (*Struts with an air of importance, while Michael stands staring at him.*) Look here, (*shewing him his book.*) This is Telemache. Have you ever read it ?

Mich. That is not in the Catechism : our schoolmaster never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how should I have read it then ? But, let us see it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands ! (*Holding one of them up.*) Where did you buy these tanned leather gloves ?

Mich. Gloves ! it is my hand, master Valentine.

Val. The skin is so hard, that one might cut it into shoe soles.

Mich. It is not with idleness that they are grown so hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare say, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honestly, and offend nobody, is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good bye, sir.

SCENE V.

Valentine, (alone.)

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I see company coming on the terrace-walk. I must put on a studious air before them. (*He sits down, seeming to read in his book with great attention.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nash.

Mr. Wal. What a fine evening ! Would you chuse, gentlemen, to take a walk up this slope, to see the sun setting ?

Mr. Ray. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the sky perfectly without a cloud in the west.

Mr. Nash. I shall be sorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear her charming melody, madam ?

Mrs. Wal. I was taken up with thinking. My heart was filled with pleasure.

Mr.

Mr. Ray. How can any person live in town during this charming weather?

Mr. Wal. Valentine, will you walk up the slope with us, to see the sun setting?

Val. No, I thank you, papa. I am reading something here that gives me more pleasure.

Mr. Wal. If you speak truth, I pity you, and if you do not—Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to lose. Let us continue our walk. (*They walk forward up the hill.*)

S C E N E VII.

Valentine, (*seeing them at a good distance.*)

There, they are almost out of sight: I need not be under any constraint now. (*Puts the book into his pocket.*) What an opinion will these gentlemen have of my diligence! I should like to be a bird, and fly after them, to hear the praises that they are giving me. (*Saunters about, yawning and listless, for near a quarter of an hour.*) I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The sun is set now, and I hear the company

pany returning. I will slip into the wood, and hide myself in it so, that they shall scarcely find me. Mama will send all the servants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing but me all the evening, and will compare me with those great philosophers, that have been known to go astray in their learned meditations, and to lose themselves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noise! Now for it. (*He goes into the wood.*)

SCENE VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Nass.

Mr. Ray. I never saw weather more pleasing, nor a more charming scene.

Mr. Wal. Gentlemen, my pleasure has been doubled by my enjoying it in your company.

Mr. Nass. The nightingale too still continues her song. Her voice seems even to grow more tender as night comes on. I am sorry that Mrs. Waller does not seem to listen to it with as much pleasure as before.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. It is because I am anxious about my son. I do not see him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine! He does not answer! (*Perceiving the gardener, she calls him*) Martin, have you seen my son?

Martin. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I saw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove? Bless me; if he should lose himself! Pray run after him, and bring him in.

Martin. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go along with him?

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneasy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he should take a different way? I am frightened out of my wits!

Mr. Nasb. Make yourself easy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two sides of the wood, while the gardener shall take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him so.

Mrs. W. Ah! gentlemen, I did not dare to ask it of you; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourselves so much trouble; I'd rather you would not.

Mr. Ray. You will not take it amiss that we comply with Mrs. Waller's request, rather than your's.

Mr. W. I must confess, it is against my inclination.

Mr. Nayb. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*They walk towards the grove.*)

SCENE XI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your son?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him less than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. W. And what if he could not be found?

Mr. W. I should be very glad of it.

Mrs. W. What, that he should pass the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child? and what would become of me?

Mr.

Mr. W. You would both be cured. He of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondness which keeps it up in him.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. W. I am just now convinced of what I only suspected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with excessive vanity, and all his reading is but ostentation. He has only lost himself on purpose to make us look for him, and to appear absent and forgetful through intense study. It gives me more pain that his mind should wander from a right way of thinking, than if his steps really went astray. He will be unhappy all his life if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholesome humiliation that can save him.

Mrs. W. But do you consider—

Mr. W. Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit at all by his natural sense, or his learning, the light of the moon, and the direction of the wind, may guide him sufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. W. But if he has not that thought?

Mr. W. He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have

have given him upon this subject. Besides, we intend him for the army, and in that profession he will have many nights to pass without shelter. He will know now what it is, and not go to a camp quite raw, to be laughed at by his companions. Then the air is not very cold at this season of the year, and for one night he will not die with hunger. Since by his folly he has brought himself into a scrape, let him get out of it again, or suffer the disagreeable consequences of it.

Mrs. W. No; I cannot agree to it; and if you don't send people after him, I will go myself.

Mr. W. Well, my dear, I will make you easy, though I am sorry that you will not let me follow my plan, as I intended. I shall tell little Michael to join him, as it were by chance. Colin too shall be at a small distance, in order to run to them in case of an accident. For any thing more, do not ask it; I have taken my resolution, and do not chuse, by a blind weakness, to deprive my son of a lesson that may be of service to him. Here are our friends coming back with Martin.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. O heavens ! I see, and they have not found him.

Mr. W. I am glad of it.

SCENE X.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray. and Mr. Nash.

Mr. Nash. Our search has been in vain ; but if Mr. Waller will let us have some lights and servants—

Mr. W. No, gentlemen ; you have complied with my wife's request, you will now listen to mine. I am a father, and know my duty as one. Let us go into the parlour, and I will give you an account of my design.

SCENE XI. (*The middle of the wood.*)

Valentine.

What have I done, fool that I was ? It is dark night, and I don't know which way to turn. (*Calls.*) Papa ! papa ! Nobody answers. I am undone ; what will become of me ? (*Cries.*) O mama ! where are you ?

▪ Answer

Answer your son this once. Heavens !
what is that running through the wood ?
If it should be a robber ! Help ! help !

SCENE XII.

Valentine, Michael.

Michael. Who is there ? Who is it that
cries so ? What, is it you, sir ? How do
you happen to be here at this time of
night ?

Valentine. O ! dear Michael, my dear
friend, I have lost my way.

Mick. (*looking at him first with an air of surprise, and then bursting out in a laugh.*)
You don't say so ? I your dear Michael ?
your dear friend ? You mistake ; I am only
a dirty little country boy. Don't you re-
member ? Nay, let go my hand. The skin
is only fit to cut up for shoe soles.

Val. My dear friend, excuse my impertinence ; and, for pity's sake, guide me
back to our house. My mama will pay you
well.

Mich. (*looking at him from top to bottom.*)
Have you finished reading your Tellymack ?

Val. (*looking down quite confused.*) Ah!
pray now—

Mich. (*putting his finger to the side of his nose, and looking up.*) Tell me, my little wise man, how big may the moon be just now?

Val. Nay, spare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You see then, master, that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet be good for something. What would you give now to know your way, instead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promise never to shew any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that is clever. But this same repenting by necessity may only hang by a thread. It is not amiss that a young gentleman should see what it is to look upon a poor man's son like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. But to shew you that an honest clown does not bear malice, I will pass the night with you, as I have passed many a one with our sheep on the downs. To-morrow morning early I will take you home to your papa. Here, then, I'll share my bed-chamber with you.

Val.

Val. O, my good Michael.

Mich. (*stretching himself under a tree.*)
Come, sir, settle yourself at your ease.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of
your's?

Mich. Why here. (*Striking on the ground.*)
Here is my bed; take your place. It is
wide enough for us both.

Val. What, must we lie here under the
open air?

Mich. I assure you, sir, the king himself
has not a better bed. See what a fine ciel-
ing you have over your head; how many
bright diamonds adorn it! and then our
handsome silver lamp. (*Pointing to the moon.*)
Well, what do you think of it?

Val. Oh! my dear Michael, I am ready
to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare say I can help you there
too. See, here are some potatoes. Dres
them, as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. You have only to boil or roast
them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one; and
then where shall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (smiling.) Why cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. Oh! no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well then, I'll shew you that I know more than you and all your Telly-macks. (*Takes a tinder box, with flint and steel, out of his pocket.*) Crack! there is fire already; now you shall see. (*He gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire.*) We shall soon have a blazing hearth. (*He puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.*) Do you see? (*lays the potatoes close to the fire, and sprinkles them with dust.*) This must serve, instead of ashes, to hinder them from burning. (*Having laid them properly, and covered them once more with dust, he turns the fire over them, then adds fresh wood, and blows it up with his breath.*) Have you a finer fire in your papa's kitchen? come, now they will soon be done.

Val. O my good friend, what return can I make to your kindness?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itself. But stop a moment. While the potatoes are roasting, I will fetch some hay for you. I saw a good deal lying

in one part of the wood. You will sleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roast while I am away. (*Goes out singing.*)

SCENE XIII.

Valentine.

Fool that I was ! how could I be so unjust as to despise this lad. What am I, compared to him ? how little I am in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine ! but it shall never happen again. Henceforward I will not despise those of a lower condition than myself. I will not be so proud, nor so vain. (*He walks about, and gathers up dry sticks for the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.

Valentine, Michael, (*hauling in a large bundle of bay.*)

Mich. Here is your bed of down, your coverlid and all. I will make you a bed now quite soft.

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I do not know how to set about it.

Mich. I don't want you. I can do it all alone. Go warm yourself. (*He unties the bundle, spreads part of it on the ground, and reserves the rest for a covering.*) That is finished. Now let us think of supper. (*Takes a potatoe from the fire, and tastes it.*) They are done. Eat them, while they are warm, they are better so.

Val. What, won't you eat some with me?

Mich. No, thank you. There is just enough for you.

Val. How? Do you think?

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Besides, I shall have as much pleasure in seeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent, my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare say, you never tasted sweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That is very true.

Mich. Have you done? Come then, your bed is ready for you. (*Valentine lies down. Michael spreads the rest of the bay over him, then takes off his jacket.*) The nights are cold; here, cover yourself with this too. If you find yourself chilly, come to the fire;

I'll

I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I shall never be easy until I make you amends for my treating you ill.

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to-morrow morning, at break of day. (*Valentine falls asleep, and Michael sits up close by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come, master, you have slept enough. The lark has opened her song already, and the sun will soon appear behind the hill. Let us set out, and go to your papa's.

Val. (rubbing his eyes.) What already? so soon? Good morning, my dear Michael!

Mich. Good morning, master Valentine! How did you sleep?

Val. (rising.) As sound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thousand, thousand times. I shall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk along with me. I'll guide you. (*They go off.*)

SCENE XV. (*A room in Mr. Waller's house.*)

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I passed this whole night! I fear, my dear, that some accident has happened to him. We must send out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourself easy, my love; I will go myself. But who knocks? (*The door opens.*) Look, here he is.

SCENE XVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Valentine, Michael.

Mrs. W. (*running to her son.*) Ah! do I see thee again, my dear child?

Mich. Yes, madam, there he is, faith! a little better, mayhap, than before you lost him.

Mr. W. Is that the case?

Val. Yes, papa. I have been well punished for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr.

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greatest chearfulness.

Val. (*presenting Michael to him.*) Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendship too, and he shall always share it.

Mr. W. If that is so, I'll make him a little present every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of so intolerable a fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the same sum, for having preserved my son to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the satisfaction that you feel, I should pay you too for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we shall not run from our words. But let us go to breakfast all four. Valentine shall relate his adventures of the night.

Val. Yes, papa; and I shall not spare myself, though I should be turned into ridicule for them. I blush for my folly, but hope that I shall never have to blush for the same behaviour again.

Mr. W. My dear son, how happy you will make your mother and me, by proving

that your reformation is sincere, and that you will never suffer a relapse.

(*Valentine takes Michael by the hand; Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.*)

THE PRODIGAL DOUBLY PUNISHED.

A Worthy private gentleman, observing with concern his only son upon the point of taking to a spendthrift way of living, let him do as he thought proper; and it was not long before the son had run himself behind hand to a great amount. I will pay whatever debt you may contract, said the father to him, as my honour is much dearer to me than my money; but take notice of what follows: You love joyous living, and I love the poor. I have given away in charity a great deal less than I was used to do before I thought of your establishment. I will think no longer of it; a libertine should never marry; so indulge yourself as much as you think proper,

per, but on this condition : I declare, that when, at any time, you spend beyond the money which I allow you to keep yourself as a gentleman, some hospital, or other charitable institution, shall receive from me as much as you require to satisfy your debts ; and I will begin this very day.. Accordingly the money was that moment ordered to a certain charity ; and thus the youth, on being doubly punished for his prodigality, was quickly cured of a disease which otherwise would have insured his ruin..

T H E M O N K E Y.

FRANCIS, and his play-fellow Lorenzo, were at the window.. As it chanced, they heard a pipe and tabor.. Looking up the street, they saw a bear approaching sternly, and a man conducting him by a chain, to which the creature was fastened at the other end.. I should be afraid, said Lorenzo, to stand too near that animal : for do but listen, Francis : Did you ever

hear such growling? I should quake if I were by him. Oh, he could not hurt you, answered Francis; you may see, he has a muzzle to prevent his biting.

They were talking thus, when Bruin was come exactly opposite their window, in his progress down the street. Two monkies now took up the little gentlemen's attention. One was light and nimble, but the other not so active. Both were jumping to and fro on Bruin's back, who suffered them to play their tricks as if he did not care about it. They had fruit in plenty thrown them by the mob, which they caught in their paws as soon as it was flung to them, and swallowed almost instantly. But what delighted them particularly, were the nuts which the people threw them. Seated on their breech, and holding them between their two fore-paws, they broke the shells, and picked the kernels out with something of an air.

It chanced that a very large one came ameng the rest. The heavy monkey raised himself upon his long hind-legs to get it; but the little one darting forward, seized it in the air before it could have time to reach him.

him. Cheated of his prey in this manner by the little one, he gnashed his teeth with rage. His front grew wrinkled, and his eyes flashed fire: he thrust his claws out, fell upon the little one, and seemed upon the point of tearing him to pieces. The bear found it very difficult to save him.

Do you see, said Francis to his little friend, how frightful that same monkey is become since first he fell into a rage, and how he shews his teeth? Oh no, I should not like to be within his reach! How terrible! I should be scared to death!

Indeed? said Lorenzo. Well then, can you imagine it; but yesterday, when you were in a passion, you were like him. Look, you had all his wrinkles; you even grinned as he does now; your eyes shewed what a passion you were in, and, like the monkey, you seemed ready to devour poor little Harry, who had, notwithstanding, done you no great harm. I only wished that I could have got a looking-glass. Your face was, in reality, so ugly, it would have frightened you.

Indeed! said Francis. Is it possible that I resembled such an odious beast? I could not

not but have been extremely frightful if I did, and must endeavour, for the future, to be never in a passion. When I find myself growing angry, I will then bethink me of the monkey, recollect the malice in his countenance, and that will make me shudder at the thought of being like him. Do you too, my good friend Lorenzo, if I forget this resolution, like a friend, remind me of it.

Lorenzo assured him that he would do so, and was faithful to his promise. Francis, by degrees, got rid entirely of his wrathful habit, or was very rarely in a passion. He enjoyed the greater happiness, and his indulgent parents were not less transported at his reformation.

OH THE UGLY BEAUTY! OUT UPON HER!

Claudia, Lucy.

Claudia. **L**UCY, have you seen my sister's new dog?

Lucy. Not yet, dear cousin.

Claudia.

Claudia. You have then a pleasure still to come: Why she is the drollest little creature in the world!

Lucy. Indeed? and what is her name?

Claudia. Would you believe it?—BEAUTY.

Lucy. That is a pretty name indeed!

Claudia. O cousin, she is much prettier than her name.

Lucy. And how is she so very pretty?

Claudia. First, she is hardly bigger—see, (*closing her hand*) than this.

Lucy. I love a little dog.

Claudia. And then one does not know what to take her for—a greyhound, or a spaniel.

Lucy. That is quite funny, I protest!

Claudia. If you could only see her tail; it is like a bough-pot; and her ears that sweep the ground; and then her long, long hair, as soft as silk, curling about her eyes and muzzle; and the wee wee little tiny face that peeps out underneath it; O, she is quite a picture!

Lucy. Is she black or white?

Claudia. She is neither black nor white, but something of a coffee colour.

Lucy.

Lucy. Ah ! that makes me think of what I like for breakfast. I do not get it frequently.—They hardly ever give me any thing but milk.

Claudia. What milk, and nothing else ?

Lucy. And bread : that is all. But let us return to Beauty.

Claudia. Why, she knows more tricks than any scaramouch : They have taught her to hold out her paw ; and she distinguishes the right hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she will run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong.

Lucy. You don't say so ?

Claudia. And then she makes believe that she is dead : she lies down on her side, and does not get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a garden stick between her paws, she will be a sentry, and mount guard : but what is still best of all, she will dance a minuet as well as madame Simonet !

Lucy. Well now, that is wonderful, and she must sure have had a charming education ! but pray, Claudia, tell me, is she gentle and good-natured ?

Claudia.

Claudia. Why, I cannot say much as to that; for when she sees a stranger in the house, she will bark and snarl like mad: and one can hardly hinder her from running in between his legs to bite him.

Lucy. That would be the very thing at night, if she were to keep the house!

Claudia. And sometimes too, she will take it in her head to go and tease papa's great dog without occasion: and she never sees him eating any thing, but instantly she will run and snatch it from him if she can; but Jowler, by good luck, is exceedingly good-natured!

Lucy. How! and does she do all this?

Claudia. Yes, truly.

Lucy. And you call her *Beauty*?

Claudia. She is so funny and comical!

Lucy. Go, Claudiy—I should never fancy her, however funny and comical she may be; for papa has often told me that a bad heart makes every body frightful—*Oh the ugly BEAUTY! Out upon her!*

THE TWO APPLE-TREES.

A Rich husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he had set, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple-trees equal in size, which he had since cultivated with the same care, and which had thriven so equally, that nobody could give the preference to either of them before the other. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine spring day, to see those two trees which he had planted for them, and called by their names; and after they had sufficiently admired their fine growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, " You see, children, I give you these trees in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will lose by your negligence, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The youngest, named Edmund, was indefatigable in his attention. He was all
day



Cook No.



day busy in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it, and he propped up its stem, to hinder it from taking an ugly bent. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish its roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy than he did his young apple-tree.

His brother Moses did nothing of all this. He spent his time on a mount that was hard by, throwing stones from it at passengers in the road. He went amongst all the little country boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them, so that he was always seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the blows and kicks that he received in his quarrels. He neglected his tree so far, in short, that he never once thought of it, till one day in autumn he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that were it not for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a growth, he ran to his own, hoping to find as large a crop on it; but what was his surprise, when he saw
nothing.

nothing but branches covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves ! Quite angry and jealous, he went to his father, and said, “ Father, what sort of a tree is this that you have given me ? It is as dry as a broom-stick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. But my brother !—Oh ? you have used him better. Bid him at least share his apples with me.”—“ Share with you ? ” said his father : “ so the industrious would lose his labor to feed the idle. Take what you get ; it is the reward of your negligence, and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother’s rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his. It bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil ; only it had not the same usage. Edmund has kept his tree clear of even the smallest insects ; you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossom. As I do not chuse to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I take this tree from you again, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through his hands to recover itself, and is his property from this moment, as well as the fruit that he
shall

shall make it bear. You may go and look for another in my nursery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault: but if you neglect it, that too shall belong to your brother, for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He went that moment and chose in the nursery the most thriving young apple-tree that he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moses did not lose a moment. He was never out of humour with his comrades, and still less with himself, for he applied chearfully to work, and in autumn he saw his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a plentiful growth of fruit, and at the same time of getting rid of the vicious habits that he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he shared the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

A DRAMA, in Two ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. DAMER.

EDWARD,	}	<i>bis Children.</i>
VERONICA,		
CHARLES,	-	<i>Edward's Friend.</i>
ARCHIBALD,	-	<i>an Orphan.</i>
CLEMENT,	-	<i>a Servant.</i>

SCENE. *An apartment in the house of Mr. Damer.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Charles, Archibald.**Archibald.* SO early with us, master Charles?*Charles.* Yes, Archibald; and what is more, I want to speak with you.*Archibald.* With me, sir? What can occasion me the honour of your visit?

Charles. What except the pleasure, Archibald, of seeing you? The truth however is, that I am come to know what Christmas-boxes you have had.

Archibald. What Christmas-boxes, do you ask me? If my mother, sister and myself, have but the necessary things of life, we are content.

Charles. But Mr. Damer, surely, lets you want nothing.

Archibald. It is true, indeed, we are his debtors for whatever we possess, and he continues in our favour the respect, as I may call it, that he had for my poor father; and his son, too, has a friendship for us. Do you see, sir, this new suit of clothes upon me? it is Edward's present. It was bought for him, but his papa permitted him to give it me, by way of Christmas-box. He has prevailed too on Miss Veronica to present my sister with a few of her cast clothes; and we were last night very happy in receiving them.

Charles. I suppose so; but if you talk of Christmas-boxes, he has received some fine ones no doubt.

Archibald.

Archibald. Certainly, his father is so rich! and yet, I know not if his pleasure was as great as ours. Fine things are no novelties to him. And what we may receive, whenever we think proper, never gives us so much joy as what *they* feel to whom their benefactors unexpectedly make presents.

Charles. I agree with you in this: but cannot you tell me what Edward has received? No doubt he has shown you all his presents.

Archibald. Yes, yes, that he has indeed: but how shall I remember the whole catalogue? Let me reflect a little. In the first place, he has had some books, a case of mathematical instruments, a microscope, silk stockings, and a set of silver buttons for a suit of clothes, complete.

Charles. But those are not the things that I mean. What I want to know about, friend Archibald, are the sweetmeats and nice things, that generally are presented, at this season of the year, to children of our age.

Archibald. Oh! his papa has given him no such things: he says, that sweetmeats do but

but rot the teeth ; and as for play-things, certainly Edward is too big, to wish for such matters. It is only from his aunt that he has received trifles of this sort. She, indeed, has given him some of what you mention.

Charles. Ay, ay ! and what, for instance ?

Archibald. How can I remember them ? There is, in the first place, a great cake ; a quantity of candied orange-peel ; some capillaire ; and sweetmeats ; half-a-dozen companies of French and English soldiers, cast in lead, and in their uniforms ; a draft-board ; fish and counters ; and about a dozen china figures, made in Derbyshire. But rather go and speak to him yourself. He will shew you every thing that he has received. Why do you put these several questions to me ?

Charles. Oh ! I know what I am doing. I had my reasons for interrogating you, before I went up stairs into Edward's room.

Archibald. And what, pray, are those reasons ? May I know ?

Charles. I had determined never to reveal them : but, provided you will but be secret—

Archibald. I am no prater.

Charles. Then give me your promise.

Archibald. There is my hand.

Charles. Well then, I will tell you, as a secret that I would have you keep, Edward is finely taken in !

Archibald. Edward finely taken in ! my friend ? I cannot endure such language.

Charles. Then I will tell you nothing. I am still master of my secret ; you know that.

Archibald. How, Charles ! And can you wrong, then, my dear friend Edward at this rate ?

Charles. O ! be assured, I shall not wrong him personally : but I speak of an affair in which we both have come to an agreement,

Archibald. But, if taken in, he is deceived,

Charles. No, no : he has deceived himself entirely.

Archibald. I do not understand a word of this enigma.

Charles. I will explain the matter to you. We had previously agreed to go equal sharers in our Christmas-boxes, whatsoever they might

might be, respecting every thing that in its nature was divisible.

Archibald. Well, pray, and can he lose by such a bargain? His papa is not so rich as yours. Your Christmas-boxes therefore must, at least in point of value, equal his, and very probably exceed them.

Charles. It is true, indeed, I have received a very handsome Christmas-box. This watch, for instance; but a watch, you know, cannot be divided.

Archibald. On your honour, you have had no other present?

Charles. Nothing, I assure you, but a cake and two small boxes of preserves. My father says, as Mr. Damer does, that sweet-meats hurt one. While mama was living, it was quite another thing, for then I had such delicacies in abundance; and Edward knows as much, who saw my last year's Christmas-boxes. It was this that induced him to make such a bargain with me; and last week too, we confirmed it on our word. You see, then—

Archibald. Yes, I see too clearly, that Edward is to be your dupe. He will have only half a cake and some preserves for what

he is to give you up. It is true, his aunt has sent him more than he can eat. But is it true then, Master Charles, that you had nothing else? I must confess, I find it very difficult to credit your assertion.

Charles. Difficult to credit my assertion! Shall I swear then, to the truth of what I say?

Archibald. Swear! Fye! Should a little gentleman, as you are, think of swearing in this matter? It is entirely your affair; and if you are deceiving my good friend Edward, you will lose much more than he, Charles.

Charles. But, Archibald, do you know that I do not approve of such remonstrances? It is Edward's business to reflect on the affair. Suppose Edward had received no Christmas-box?

Archibald. There was no fear of that. His friends are generous, and Edward's conduct pleases them. Your Christmas-box is such a trifle! It would be quite unhandsome in you, to expect that Edward should have all the disadvantage on his side; and therefore we must go and tell him.

Charles. Oh! that is done already. Late last night I sent him half the cake that I received,

ceived, and part of my preserves. I have likewise written him a little letter on the subject.

Archibald. What then, you will persist in your demand upon him?

Charles. And pray what would you do, in my situation? You that talk so much?

Archibald. I would have nothing from him, having nothing upon my side to bestow; and therefore quit him of his promise.

Charles. Oh! your humble servant! Keep your counsel to yourself. Our bargain is a wager; and when people think of laying wagers, it is that they may win. Next year it shall be as he pleases; but at present, if he does not give me half of every thing that he has received, his cake, his orange-peel, his sweetmeats, soldiers, fish and counters, china-ware, and any thing else that you may have forgot to mention, I will follow him through all the streets, courts, lanes, and every thoroughfare in London, and proclaim him for a cheat. Yes, tell him that from me, friend Archibald; and, that such as we should keep our

promise, after we have sworn to one another.

Archibald. After you have sworn! Fie, fie upon your oaths! I am very poor; and yet, if you would give me all the Christmas-boxes that ever you received, not excepting even your fine watch, I would not swear in such a trifling matter. It should be a very solemn business only that would make me take an oath.

Charles. Why, Archibald, you are a downright simpleton. Without this swearing, how should any one be bound to keep his promise?

Archibald. Do you ask that seriously? His very promise should compel him to observe it, and the word of honest people be as sacred as an oath. If you judge otherwise, I do not know what I am to think of you.

Charles. It is your idea, then, that Edward will be faithful to his promise?

Archibald. My idea? Should he break it, insignificant as I must own myself, I would never look upon him as long as I have breath. But I am sure he will not break it; and

and to keep his word, will have no manner of occasion for an oath.

Charles. That we shall see. However, tell him every thing that I have said, that he may act accordingly.

Archibald. I need tell him nothing. He does not want a monitor to do his duty.

Charles. And pray add, I wish him joy that he is so finely taken in.

Archibald. What then, you would insult, as well as—

Charles. No: but I divert myself at his expence, as he would do at mine. Let him alone! Another time, if he thinks proper, he may be revenged.

Archibald. No, no; this is the only business of the kind that ever he will transact with you.

Charles. As he pleases. I have wherewithal, by this day's lucky busines, to console myself. (*He goes out.*)

Archibald, (alone.) I could not have imagined Charles so mercenary. If, in truth, he has no more than what he tells me from his father, why then did he not break off the bargain, when he found it likely to press so hard upon his friend? What ava-

rice! and what meanness likewise! It is Edward's fault, however, and will hardly ruin him. But here he comes.

SCENE III.

Archibald, Edward.

Edward, (with a paper.) Ah! dear Archibald, I deserve, and richly, to be hooted for my folly!—Read this letter.

Archibald. I have learned what it contains. But pray how came you to make such a bargain? Certainly you should have first asked leave of your papa and aunt, since what your parents and relations give you should not be disposed of without their consent.

Edward. That is true; but it is done.

Archibald. And you must keep your word. But wherefore give it then?

Edward. Because last year, and the preceding, Charles had better Christmas-boxes than myself; and I supposed—

Archibald. Ah, ah! I understand the matter. You designed to dupe him then; therefore you are punished with justice.

Edward.

Edward. Had I been contented with my own!

Archibald. Well, no complaints, *Edward*. Is not your half still sufficient for you?

Edward. So you fancy—

Archibald. Do not go on. *Edward* means to ask me if he ought to keep his word.

Edward. But are you certain that every thing was fair and open on the part of *Charles*?

Archibald. I think him honest, since he told me so himself; and it is my practice to think well of every one, till he has once deceived me.

Edward. But how happens it that his father should have been so sparing towards him? Every former Christmas he has had a store of presents.

Archibald. They were his mama's; and now she is dead, his father thinks as yours does, and instead of childish toys, has bought him a fine watch.

Edward. Yes, yes; I know it. He will conceal what ought to be divided, of his presents, and yet *I* must give him up half mine.

Archibald. Should he behave so, he would be a knave.

Edward. And should I, in that case, be bound to keep my promise with him?

Archibald. What is this question, my good friend Edward? Just as if you were to ask me, whether, if he proves a cheat, you might not be so likewise.

Edward. But, unless I tell him, he will never know what I have had.

Archibald. And can you hide this knowledge from yourself?

Edward. But I have hardly had, from my papa, more things that can be shared, than he. The rest, you know, were from my aunt.

Archibald. Did you except what any one but your papa might give you, in your bargain?

Edward. Oh! no, no.

Archibald. Then your objection is answered.

Edward, (vexed.) What shall I do then?

Archibald. I have told you that, already. You have but one way to take in this affair.

Edward. If I think fit to take it, to be
sure

sure I may ; but what can force me, if I do not ?

Archibald. Your honour. Should you be so shameful as to break your word, then Charles will certainly expose your conduct, and with justice.

Edward. Oh ! I do not mind that a rush. I will answer him at any time. But how, pray, will he be convinced that I have broke my word ?

Archibald. He knows, already, every thing that you have received. I told him.

Edward. What, and can you have betrayed me, Archibald ?—I will preserve no future friendship with you.

Archibald. I should die with grief, if I had willingly betrayed you, dear Edward ; I can very easily excuse my conduct, by declaring, that before I knew of your agreement, Charles contrived to take me by surprise. But if it were not so, and he had called upon me to speak truth, I must have done it. To be honest, one should no more lie than break one's word.

Edward. You take his part against me ! and shall I be still your friend ? No, no !

Archibald. As you please. I know what it must cost me if I lose your friendship, which is much more precious to me than even all the gifts that your family have heaped upon me; but at every risque I have no other counsel for you: and although you should not rest my friend, nothing shall keep me, while I live, from being yours.

Edward. A good friend, truly, to look on while I am robbed!

Archibald. And pray who robs you but yourself? Why should you thus have entered into an agreement, at the risque of losing?

Edward. But I might have gained.

Archibald. And then would you have claimed your bargain from Charles?

Edward. Would I?—What a question!

Archibald. Why then would you not fulfil it on your part, and show that you can be just, when the conditions are so easy?

Edward. Are so easy? What! the loss of half my property?

Archibald. Have you not the other half still left? Well then, imagine yourself to have received no more; but think particularly how much reputation such an action

will

will procure you in men's eyes, when they observe that you put no value upon what the generality of children so fondly prize, but can scorn them when your word is to be kept. As many as are told of your fidelity will love you. Granting Charles designs to trick you, I am sure, he will never have the courage afterwards to look you in the face; whereas, upon the other hand, you will walk before him with your head up, sure of the esteem of all good people. Yes, my dear Edward, let us always deal uprightly, whatsoever price it costs us. Ah! if I were rich, you should not have to mourn your loss a moment upon this occasion. I would give you every thing in my possession to make you amends.

Edward, (embracing him.) Oh! how much, my dearest Archibald, is your behaviour to be praised? while I must hate myself for mine. Yes, I confess it, I was mercenary and unjust, but will be so no longer. I will look with scorn upon the baubles that had charms enough, as I imagined, to corrupt me: so let Charles directly have his share, and you yourself shall halve them; give him what you please. I only desire that you would

would not scorn me for indulging such mean thoughts : I will be henceforth worthy your esteem and friendship.

Archibald. And you are so. You were never worthier of it than at present. I was well acquainted with your heart, and knew what measures you would take. This conquest of yourself will cause you much more satisfaction than the trifles that you give up : when some few days are passed, they would have lost their charms, and you would certainly have given the whole away at once, to any child that should have wanted them.

Edward. Yes, yes : you know me very well. What therefore can I do, to show you my regard and gratitude for having saved my honour ?

Archibald, (*embracing him.*) Still love me, Edward.

Edward. Always, always : but it is proper that I should now go fetch my presents, and make haste to share them. I am quite uneasy till they are gone, and fear I shall repent of what I am about to do, if I do not soon dispatch it.

Archibald. You would soon repent of that
repent-

repentance, should it happen : I am certain of it. (*Edward goes out.*)

Archibald, (alone.) No ; were all his presents mine, I should not be so pleased as I am now, in thus saving Edward's reputation. And, in fact, how happy must he be himself, in having kept his word at the expence of what he thought so precious ! Doubtless this sacrifice costs him dear : well then, it will be on that account more glorious. I was certain of his principles. He needed nothing but a little explanation of the matter, to behave with honour.

S C E N E III.

Archibald, Edward.

Edward, (bringing in a large two-handled basket.) Come and help me, Archibald, that I may not let the basket fall ; for every thing within it, now, I look upon as sacred. I have left the cake in the beaufet, for fear of breaking it : but when it is wanted, I will go fetch it. Here is the candied orange-peel, however : (*he opens the parcel and gives it to Archibald.*) This, I take it, is about

about the middle. Take this side for Charles, and let me have the other in the box.

Archibald. No, no; it will be better far to halve it in his presence; he may otherwise imagine that you have eat some of it. So let us see the rest of the confectionary.—First, four bags of sweetmeats.—Two for each.—Two bottles, next, of capillaire.—One Charles's, and the other yours.—How many fish and counters are there here?

Edward. Two hundred fish, and twenty counters.

Archibald, (*after having counted out half of each.*) These are his. The bag cannot be divided. You must therefore take it with the other fish and counters.

Edward. And these soldiers. How delighted we should both have been, in ranging them against each other, when the winter evenings were come on.

Archibald. We should, indeed; but I am more delighted as it is. The English soldiers shall be yours. Their uniform is red, and therefore much more lively than the white.—A draft-board, and a microscope.

Edward.

Edward. Ah! luckily, they cannot be divided!

Archibald. In reality they cannot; but together they may make two lots, and each of you take one: for Charles, when he appears, may fall a quibbling with us; and I recommend you to keep clear no less of his suspicions, than his open accusations. Give him up the draft-board, and keep you the microscope. You may employ it, to obtain the knowledge of a thousand beauteous objects, that escape our eye-sight.

Edward. Ah! here comes what I shall be the most grieved to give up!—These sweet china figures.

Archibald. You could not have put all together on your chimney-piece. Can you inform me what they represent?

Edward. The Muses and the Seasons.

Archibald. Then give him the Seasons. You may justly take the best in your division, and the Muses cannot, with propriety, be parted. But Edward, not to settle things by halves, let me advise you to throw in the other fish and counters with the bag. His *Seasons* will be taken as valuable as

your

your *Muses*. (*He puts all the fish and counters into Charles's heap.*) There they are.

Edward. You make me do whatever you think fit.

Archibald. What I would do myself, if I were in your place. But what comes here? — Ha! ha! a set of copper plates! — I did not mention these to Charles.

Edward, (*overjoyed.*) You don't say so!

Archibald. But what of that? It is just the same as if he knew it. Let me count the number: one, two, three; (*he counts two dozen, reading over their inscriptions, and dividing them accordingly.*) These, (*taking up one parcel,*) it seems, are the reigning kings of Europe; and these other, (*counting,*) one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, great men, that flourished once in England.

Edward. Well, which parcel shall we chuse?

Archibald, (*shewing him two plates, selected from the second parcel.*) Here; here is our choice: this portrait is that Howard of whom you have heard your father so often speak with rapture: and here is Gay, whose Fables always give you so much pleasure. Keep, by all means, such a good companion.

nion. (*He puts the kings into Charles's lot, and Howard, with the other six, into Edward's*) That is the whole.

Edward, (with a sigh.) Yes, yes.

Archibald. But why that sigh?

Edward. Because you make me give him up so many charming things.

Archibald. Not I, my dear Edward: you make yourself do this. It was your resolution; and is still so, is it not?

Edward. Yes, yes. I have nothing else to beg, dear Archibald, but that Charles may have his share immediately. The sight of so much that I must give away grieves me.

*Archibald. Think no more about it. You have done your duty. I will go speak to Charles, and bring him hither. If, as you imagine, he has cheated you, I wish—I cannot well tell you, how much harm I wish him. (*He goes out.*)*

Edward, (alone.) Yes, yes, how much harm you wish him! In addition to my loss of all these charming things, the harm to me is, that he will laugh at my simplicity in making such a bargain. When he sent me, late last night, my miserable portion

tion of his presents, doubtless he began that moment to enjoy his triumph. (*He approaches the table, and surveys the things upon it with a look of sorrow.*) I must part then with so much! and part with it to one that meant to trick me! I cannot help preferring, now, whatever is not in my share. These bags of sweetmeats seem much bigger than my two. That draft-board likewise, that I thought to play on, when my friends should come and see me, seems much prettier now than before. And those soldiers! they would have made me up an army. All this, but just now, was mine, and I must give it up, and give it up for nothing too! —for nothing! (*He reflects within himself a little.*) Is my word then nothing? and my honour, is that nothing? If—but don't I hear a step? Yes, yes, it is Charles; or now I look again, not he, but Veronica.

S C E N E IV.

Edward, Veronica.

Veronica, (looking eagerly at every thing upon the table.) What are you about,
Edward?

Edward? What is the meaning of all this? Do you intend me one of these two shares? I can hardly think so; yet I should look upon it as quite loving in you—

Edward. Ah! my dearest sister, I would give you half my Christmas-box with pleasure; but it is not in my power, as half of what you see, is mine no longer to dispose of as I please.

Veronica. Is yours no longer?—Why so, Edward?—But oh, now I understand you!—This is some new trick of Archibald's. He is always wheedling you for something, which he tells you others want, and what he can pinch out of you this way, he is sure to keep himself.

Edward. Do not speak, dear sister, in this manner of that worthy boy. I would give every thing in my possession to have his principles.

Veronica. Well then, why are you no longer master of your own?

Edward. You will say, I am justly punished for my gripingness; for I must yield to Charles one part of the presents made me by my aunt and my papa.

Veronica.

Veronica. Instead of giving me that half! and why?

Edward. Because we bargained to divide our Christmas-boxes. I have had a deal this year, and he unfortunately nothing.

- *Veronica.* Then I would give him nothing: that is but just.

Edward. But we have pledged our honour to each other. He has kept his word, and I must keep mine also, or be looked on as a thief.

Veronica. Ay, ay, you have got this notion from your Archibald. I am mad to think that you let yourself be governed by a chit who lives on our assistance.

Edward. But pray, sister, though the notion should be Archibald's, is it not a just one?

Veronica. Is it not a just one? No. Look ye, I would lay a wager that he is now agreed with Charles to share whatever he can thus persuade you to give up.

Edward. Do you think so seriously? No, no; you do him wrong: he is too generous to do that.

Veronica. It is you, Edward, that are too weak! or you might think that he would

much more naturally take your part than any other's, if he were not interested.

Edward. I profess myself his friend, and he is interested that I should not be a cheat.

Veronica. Good!—Ha! ha! ha! And so then, that you may not be a cheat, you will willingly be cheated by another?

Edward. Better than cheat him myself.

Veronica. And in a manner so ridiculous! —Ha! ha! How finely they are laughing at you!

Edward. What, is Archibald laughing at me?

Veronica. If he helps to cheat you.

Edward. But I have pledged my word. The shares are made as you see, and Charles is coming.

Veronica. Well; and let him go away. I shall be glad to see you catch them, when they think you caught.

Edward. You would have me then disgrace myself, that I may save these baubles.

Veronica. But suppose you could save them with honour?

Edward. Ay, pray how?

Veronica. Why, papa, or rather aunt, for she may be more easy of persuasion, must be told

told the whole affair, and they will forbid your parting with their presents.—I myself will take the business on me.

Edward. No, no, sister; if you love me—

Veronica. You are determined to be pillaged. Be it so, then. I have no objection in the least, since I shall not be the loser by it: on the other hand, I shall enjoy the opportunity of laughing at your cost. And yet, on second thoughts, I will run and tell papa, if it be only to obtain you a good scolding, since you will not follow my advice.

Edward. But, sister — hear me! — Pray come back a little! — What! you won't? — You cannot imagine how much you will displease me! (*He follows and endeavours to bring her back, but she refuses.*)

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Edward, (*returning after a few minutes' absence.*) I could not possibly prevail upon her to come back; but she would go and

tell papa.—In fact, she is in the right.—If my papa and aunt forbid me, I keep every thing, and do not break my word. I wonder that this idea did not sooner strike me. It is indeed unjust in some degree; and there is a voice within me that condemns it. I should not have entered into this agreement, without thinking of each separate circumstance, and guarding properly against them. I wish Archibald were but here, to fix me one way or another. I am at a loss for his counsel. When he comes, I hope it will be alone. Ah! here he is; and as I wished to have it, no one is with him.

SCENE II.

Edward, Archibald.

Archibald. Charles will very soon be here. He is gone to ask his father's leave to come. Be of courage, dear Edward; nor let Charles suspect that these play-things are of any value to you. I begin to think he does not deal with you upon the square in this transaction. I spoke to him rather

seriously ; and by his answers, he appeared embarrassed.

Edward. Oh, I am sure he means to trick me ; notwithstanding which, I must be satisfied.

Archibald. And have you not great cause for satisfaction ? You have done your duty.

Edward. Well, I will try to conquer my reluctance in this point, and put on a good face before him ; but would any one conceive what Veronica told me not ten minutes since ? That I should beg papa or aunt to lay their orders on me, who would certainly forbid my giving any thing away ; and thus I should preserve my Christmas-box and reputation ?

Archibald. And your peace of mind ;— would you preserve that likewise ?

Edward. No, indeed. I even thought, while she was speaking, how disgraceful such an application would be to me.

Archibald. Why then hesitate a moment longer ? O, my dear Edward ! let us never stifle those first whisperings of integrity and generosity that may be heard within us. You will soon experience how much inward

satisfac-

satisfaction flows from listening to them. Have we any real need of these poor gim-cracks here, to make us happy? Oh! when you have parted with them, I will be more industrious to procure you other sources of amusement. If my friendship is of any value to you, be assured I shall esteem you ten times more, if you consult your honour in this matter.

Edward. Yes. I will do so, dear Archibald, and be proud of yielding to your counsel, as in every other matter, so in this too. I will follow it, however Veronica may persuade me to do otherwise. These gimcracks—as you call them. Out upon such childishnesses! for to prove how truly I despise them, look, I will add my two remaining sweet-meat bags to Charles's.—There—they shall be mine no longer.

Archibald. Bravely done, Edward! You are like a general who returns in triumph, after having won a battle.

Edward. Always have an eye upon me; and if you observe—

Archibald. I know what you would say; but softly, here comes Charles.

SCENE III.

Edward, Archibald, Charles.

Charles, (somewhat embarrassed.) Good morrow, dear Edward; I am told you want to speak with me.—It grieves me, notwithstanding—

Edward. What grieves you, pray?

Charles. That my Christmas-box has been so trifling; and—

Edward. Oh, never mind it, if that be all.

Archibald. Edward is but so much the more pleased, that he can compensate for what you want; and I could wish that you knew with how much pleasure he fulfils his promise now; but he himself can tell you what he thinks on this occasion.

Edward. Yes. What I am now to do, I do with all my heart. (*He takes Charles by the hand, and brings him to the table.*) So look; here are all my presents: we first halved them pretty nearly; after which I added something to your share, that you might have no reason to complain.

Archibald.

Archibald. Two articles, the microscope and draft-board could not be divided. By the terms of your agreement, therefore, your friend might have kept them both; but he has honourably chosen to give up the draft-board; and accordingly I put it to your share.

Edward. I am sorry Charles, that these china figures could not be divided equally. I have kept the *Muses*: but because the *Seasons* were less valuable, I have added to them all the fish and counters in this bag, which were my own. You may still, however, make choice of which lot you please..

Charles. No, no, my friend. I am quite content already.

Edward. But not I. There is besides all this, a cake below, of which the half is mine. I make a present to you of the whole, and run to fetch it.

Charles, (calling him back.) No, not now, Edward.

Archibald, (stopping Charles.) Let him, let him, Charles.—(To Edward.) Yes, go my friend. (*Edward goes out.*) Well, I am sure, you will own Edward thinks quite nobly, since you see his promise is so sacred

to him. Any other in his situation might have been afflicted at the disadvantage of the bargain made between you ; but Edward goes beyond the agreement, and is happy in thus exceeding your expectations.

Charles, (confused.) True : you make me blush, dear Archibald. And I cannot tell how it is—

Archibald. You have no need to blush, as if it were a fault in you, that you received no greater presents from your father.

Charles, (turning away.) Poor Edward !

Archibald. Should you pity him, he would have reason to complain : whereas at present he has none. It would have been the shame of tricking you, and nothing else, that must have rendered him unhappy. Look at what you have, and be rejoiced, as he is.

Edward, (coming in with the cake.) Hold ; here is what I give you : half, as I have already said, is over and above the bargain.

Charles, (putting back the cake with one hand, and with the other concealing his face.) No, Edward ; it is too much.

Edward. Take it, take it, Charles : but do not imagine that I am doing thus, through shame, for having wished to keep back

back any of my presents from you. Archibald, I am sure, will witness for me as to that.

Archibald, looking steadfastly at Charles.) That I will; and in the face of the whole world. (*Charles wipes his eyes.*)

Edward. But sure you are crying, Mr. Charles? What ails you?

Charles. Nothing, nothing—Only that you see me here, a pitiful, mean, sorry fellow, and that I have cheated you.

Edward. You cheated me? that cannot be! have we not been acquainted with each other from our infancy? And are we not both children of good friends and neighbours?

Charles. Yes; and that very circumstance Edward, aggravates my guilt. I do not deserve that you should think so generously of me. (*He takes Edward by the hand.*) It is however in my power to prove that I am not totally unworthy of your friendship. In reality, I have received no playthings, or the like, this Christmas from my father, but—(*searching his pockets*) here are three new guineas that I requested him to give me in their stead. You see then, I was only a

deceiver, while you acted towards me with such generosity : but I repent, and give you up the half. In fact it is your own, but if you have any pity in you, pardon me my knavery and be still my friend.

Edward, (embracing him.) Yes, always while I live.—How you rejoice me! Not however with your money, as I shall not take it.

S C E N E IV.

Archibald, Charles, Edward, Veronica.

Veronica. Archibald must come immediately to my papa.

Archibald. O my dear young lady, cannot he stay a little? I shall lose the pleasure—

Veronica. Yes—of squeezing something from my brother! but you have heard the message; so come with me. What! you would have papa wait for you! (*She gets hold of his hand, and pulls him along.*)

Edward. Sister! sister! only a few minutes.

Veronica,

Veronica, (mocking him.) Brother! brother! No; I will have him with me. (*She goes out with Archibald.*)

Edward, (taking hold of Charles's hand.) O my dear friend Charles, how I rejoice while I am speaking! I could have no right to hope for such sincerity of conduct from you.

Charles. How! When you bestow upon me half your things, without expecting any in return from me.

Edward. No; no: you must not thus applaud my generosity. You cannot imagine how reluctantly at first I parted with this half; and had it not been for the exhortation that Archibald gave me to so good a work, I should not have kept my word after all.

Charles. And to him I am indebted likewise for the satisfaction of not having quite completed my unworthy tricking scheme. He set the baseness of it in so full a light before me! And when afterward I entered here, and found with how much generosity you had proceeded in your distribution—

Edward. In my distribution! It is Archibald that has all the merit of it. I cannot tell what happy art he has; but to deprive myself of what I had beforehand so much cherished, was a pleasure to me. Yes, there is something in your share that I added of myself.

Charles. But you shall keep the whole: for I will have nothing of it, and am happy to get rid of such a burthen. I should never have presumed to look you in the face. I could not think how much one suffers by becoming dishonest.

Edward. And how was I tormented also? But at present I experience how much pleasure flows from generosity. All this is due to Archibald. So necefitous, and ~~you~~ so upright! Sure he could not claim a recompence for telling you my Christmas-boxes?

Charles. He, my dear Edward! What can cause you such a thought?

Edward. My sister, in her jealousy, would fain have had me think so.

Charles. Oh, if you had heard how handsomely he spoke about you, and espoused your interests in our conversation!

I had

I had need of all my art and cunning to get from him what you had received. And therefore, henceforth he shall have what he has merited so well, my friendship: and I will give him the remaining half of my three guineas.

Edward. No, no, Charles; leave me to recompense him as I well know how: and keep your money, with the half that is yours, of my Christmas-boxes.

Charles. What? I keep it? Never. Look you; rather let us give him every thing that we should have shared between us. We have well deserved to lose, and he to have it.

Edward. Yes, with all my heart. And do you know what you must do? We have it in our power to please him very much. I will order all these things upon the table to be carried to his mother's; so that he may see them there, the first time he goes home.

Charles. Good! good! provided by the bye, he does not return too soon, and interrupt us.

Edward. I will go fetch the servant. In the mean time pack them up as quick as

you are able, in the basket. I shall be back again immediately. (*He goes out.*)

Charles, (*alone, filling the basket.*) Oh, the good, good Archibald ! I cannot help thinking with myself how happy we shall make him ! and what is more too, I shall have my part therein. I would not give it up for all these pretty things. Who could have persuaded me yesterday, that I should enjoy more satisfaction in bestowing on another what had been so much the object of my wishes than in keeping it myself ? I wish I were papa, to recompense him as he merits. Thanks to his persuasion, I am now convinced that to be just gives much more happiness than to possess great riches.

Edward, (*returning with Clement.*) Come in, Clement. (*He bolts the door.*) What we want you for is this ; to take the basket here before you on your shoulder, and convey it to where Archibald's mother lives, for Archibald.

Clement. Oh, with all my heart, sir ; we are every one of us fond of that young man !

Edward, (*to Charles.*) I hope, you have almost finished.

Charles.

Charles. In a moment. I have got in every thing except the china figures, which I will put at top, that they may not be broke.

Edward. A good thought; but make haste, for fear of his return.

Charles. There, that is the last.

Edward, (*to Clement.*) Now, Clement, you have nothing to do but to carry it this moment. Do not loiter by the way, and take especial care of breaking any thing.

Charles. Stay: here is the guinea and a half that I said I would give him. I will just wrap them up, and put them with the fish and counters.

Archibald, (*at the door without.*) Open, open: it is Archibald.

Edward. Bless us! what are we to do? (*coming towards the door.*) A moment, friend, and we'll admit you.

Charles. Hark ye, Clement, here is the money: slip it some how or other, as you go, into the basket.

Edward, (*to Clement.*) He will suspect us; so take up the basket, and withdraw into a corner of the room, here just behind the door, till he has passed you.

Charles.

Charles. Yes, close up against the wall ; and afterwards slip out without his seeing you.

Clement. I understand you.

Archibald, (as before.) Well, Edward, am I not to be let in ? Your papa is coming.

Edward, (to *Charles.*) I may open now ?

Charles. Yes, yes ; all is done. (*The servant goes behind the door.*)

Edward, (opening to *Archibald, who comes in.*) I ask your pardon, my good friend, for keeping you so long without : but we were busy. (*He takes his hand, and places him in such a manner, that he cannot see the servant without turning round.*)

Archibald. Busy, pray ? And at what ? (*He turns and sees Charles making signs to the servant.*) Why all these signs ?—(*Perceiving the servant with the basket.*) Ah, ha ! —what has Clement got there in the basket ? (*He goes up to Clement, and attempts to look into the basket.*)

Clement, (preventing him.) Softly, softly. It is a secret.

Archibald. How ! a secret ?

Clement. You will know what it is when you get home.

Archi-

Archibald, (keeping him from going out.)
No: I will know this moment! Is it possible that I can have guesst! and would my dear friends then affront me so?

Edward. Affront you? It is a poor acknowledgment with which we pay those services that you have so lately done us.
(He offers him the basket.) Yes, dear Archibald, all these things are yours.

Charles, (presenting him the money likewise, which the servant has returned him.) And this gold also.
(Archibald puts his hand aside.) Charles throws the money, thus refused, into the basket, which Edward still offers to Archibald.)

Archibald. What are you about? no, never, never.

Edward. I will have it so.

Charles. And I entreat it as a favour of you. Be my friend, as you have shewn yourself Edward's.

Clement. If I durst but add my prayer to that of these two gentlemen! You will occasion them more pain than they deserve to suffer, by refusing their request. I wish I had it in my power to offer you my present, as they have. It would indeed be little,

but

but come wholly from my heart ; for all the family, and every one that knows us, loves you.

Archibald. O, my dearest Edward ! my kind Charles ! (*he embraces them.*) and you, my good Clement ! you draw tears of joy and admiration from me ; but your generous bosoms carry you too far. I have not merited what you are doing for me, and shall therefore never take it.

Edward. You would wish to mortify me then ? And cruelly refuse my friendship ?

S C E N E the last.

Archibald, Charles, Edward, Clement, Mr. Damer.

Mr. Damer, (*having entered some little time before unnoticed, and stood still to be a witness of the conversation ; but advancing now, as if he had heard nothing.*) Well ; shall I always find you sparring thus at one another ?

Edward. O papa, let your authority determine our dispute ; for Archibald treats

us very harshly. He has made me faithful to my promise—

Charles. He has brought me to preserve my honour.

Edward. And now scorns us, when we would be grateful.

Archibald, (*throwing himself into Mr. Damer's arms.*) O, my worthy patron! and my second father! save me, save me from their generosity. I was so happy just this moment, as to vindicate my conduct from the accusation thrown thereon, and shall I now belie it? No: I should, in that case, justly be suspected of a mercenary disposition. Let them not corrupt me, I beseech you.

Mr. Damer. How you charm me, my dear children. No, good Archibald, these their presents, are a very nothing, when compared with so much delicacy and disinterestedness. I will put an end to such an honourable contest. (*To Charles and Edward.*) Keep you each your own: I will take it on me to evince your grateful natures.

Edward. O, papa! of how much pleasure you deprive my heart!

Charles.

Charles. And how you punish me ; as, very likely, my behaviour merits : but you are witness, on the other hand, to my repentance. Condescend then to prevail on Archibald—

Archibald, (*to Mr. Damer.*) No ; for heaven's sake, sir, do not listen to him.

Mr. Damer. I *do* listen to him ; and *will* have you be compliant upon this occasion. It would look too much like pride, should you refuse him : and besides, it would be cruel to deprive him of the pleasure arising from a generous action. Take this money then, and send it to your mother, who first taught you such a noble way of thinking.

Archibald. You compel me to accept it, sir, and therefore I obey. Oh, how rejoiced she will be to have it ; but at least, sir, let Edward keep his presents.

Mr. Damer. Well then, let him ; but to share them with his friend. I will buy the whole again with these three guineas.

Archibald. Ah my kind, good benefactor ! put some limits to your generosity. I do not know well what I am doing. So much beyond all measure is my joy. My poor dear mother ! it is a long while now since

she





Cook Soc.

she has been so rich as I shall make her!—
O, my good, good friends! (He embraces
Charles, and afterwards *Edward*, without
power of speaking to them.)

Mr. Damer. I owe you likewise a reward,
Edward, for complying thus with Archi-
bald's noble counsels.

Edward. How can you reward me so
much to my satisfaction, papa, as by what
you have so lately done for him?

Mr. Damer. That is a very nothing.
Hitherto he has been only the companion
of your pleasures, but shall henceforth be
the partner of your studies: I will make no
difference between you in respect to educa-
tion.

IF MEN DO NOT SEE YOU,
GOD SEES YOU.

MR. Ferguson was walking in the coun-
try one fine warm day in harvest time,
with his youngest son Frank. Papa, (said
Frank, looking wistfully towards a garden
by the side of which they were walking,) I
am

am very dry.—And I too, my dear, answered Mr. Ferguson ; but we must have patience until we go home.

Frank. There is a pear-tree loaded with very fine fruit : they are Windsor pears. O ! with what pleasure I could eat one !

Mr. Ferg. I do not doubt it ; but that tree is in a private garden.

Frank. The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can easily get through.

Mr. Ferg. And what would the owner of the garden say, if he should be there ?

Frank. Oh ! he is not there, I dare say, and nobody can see us.

Mr. Ferg. You mistake, child ! There is one who sees us, and who would punish us, and justly too, because it would be wicked to do what you propose.

Frank. Who is that, papa ?

Mr. Ferg. He who is every where present, who never loses sight of us a moment, and who sees to the very bottom of our thoughts ; that is, God.

Frank. Indeed, papa, it is very true. I shall not think of it any more.

Just then a man stood up behind the hedge, whom they could not see before,
because

because he had been sitting down on a grassy slope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who spoke thus to Frank: "Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from stealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourself for ever. But since, at the first word of the prudent lesson given you by your father, you have shewed a fear of God, and no longer insisted on the theft that you intended, I will give you with pleasure some of the fruit that you wished to taste." At these words he went up to the finest pear-tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

Mr. Ferguson would have taken money out of his purse to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. "I have had a satisfaction, sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose were I to be paid for it. God alone repays such actions."

Mr. Ferguson shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a

very

very manly manner ; but he shewed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the pears, which did, indeed, quite run over with juice. That is a very good man, said Frank to his papa, after he had finished the last, and they had got a good distance from the old man.

Mr. Ferg. Yes, my dear ; and he is so, no doubt, because his heart is convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good actions, and chastise evil.

Frank. Would God have punished me then, if I had taken the pears ?

Mr. Ferg. The good old man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure which relates to this subject, and made so strong an impression on me, when a child, that I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Frank. Dear papa, how happy I am today ; a pleasant walk, fine pears, and a story besides !

Mr.

Mr. Ferg. When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbour's, the one on the right, the other on the left-hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars. Mr. Dobson had a son called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one also of the name of Gamaliel. Behind our house, and those of our neighbours, were small gardens, separated at that time only by quickset hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself with throwing stones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody. Mr. Dobson had observed this, and reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or else did not believe, that one should not do amiss, even when alone, because God is always near us, and sees whatever we do. One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could see him, and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pocket with stones, and began pelting with them all round him. Just at the same time, Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his son Gamaliel. This boy had the

misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, and that when alone one might do what one pleased. His father had a gun charged, to shoot the sparrows that came picking his cherries ; and he was sitting in a summer-house to watch them. At this moment, a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman wanted him in the parlour : he therefore left the gun in the summer-house, and expressly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when all alone, said to himself, “ I dont see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little ; ” and saying thus, he took it up, and began to exercise with it like a soldier. He handled his arms and rested his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and present. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobson’s garden, and just as he was going to shut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble stone, thrown by Simon, struck him in that very eye. The fright, and the pain together, made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off ; and, oh ! what cries and shrieks were immediately heard in both gardens ! Gamaliel had





Look se

had received a blow of a stone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus the one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the rest of his life.

Frank. Ah! poor Simon! poor Gammel! how I pity them!

Mr. Ferg. They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious. After all, it was a real happiness for these two bad boys to have met with this accident.

Frank. How so, papa?

Mr. Ferg. I will tell you. If God had not early punished these children, they would always have continued in mischief, whenever they found themselves alone; whereas they experienced, by this warning, that whatever bad actions men do not see, God sees and punishes. This was therefore a lesson to them to amend themselves, and they became henceforth prudent and sedate, and shunned doing mischief, when alone, as much as if all the world saw them. And this, indeed, was the design of Providence in thus punishing them; for our merciful Creator

242 BUTTERFLY! PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

never chastises us but to make us become better.

Frank. Well, that eye and leg will make me take care. I will shun what is wrong, and do what is right, even though I see nobody near me.

As he had finished these words, they arrived at their own house-door.

BUTTERFLY! PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

BUTTERFLY! O pretty butterfly ! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

Where would you wish to go, you little gad-about? Do not you discern yon hungry bird upon the watch to seize you? he has whetted his sharp beak, and holds it open to devour you. Come hither then; he will be afraid of me, and not approach you.

Butterfly ! O pretty butterfly ! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not pull off your poor wings, or give you any pain. No, no; I know you

are both weak and little, as I am myself. All my wish is, to see you nearer. I should like to view your little head, taper body, and long wings, spotted with a thousand colours.

Butterfly! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not keep you long. I know, you have not many weeks to live. When summer is once over, you will die, while I shall be but six years old.

So, butterfly! sweet pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

You should not lose a moment of the day, but give your whole life up to pleasure. It is your business to be sipping constantly the fragrance of some flower or other, which you may do without danger on my hand.

THE SUN AND MOON.

WHAT a charming evening! Come, Alexis, said Mr. Wilmot to his little boy; the sun is just ready to go down. How glorious he appears! We may behold him now. He does not dazzle us so much at present as he did at noon, when he was up so very high. How beautiful, too, the clouds seem round about him! They are of a purple, gold, and scarlet colour! But behold how swiftly he descends! Already only half his orb is visible. And now he is wholly vanished. Farewell sun; you have left us for the present till to-morrow morning.

Look, Alexis, towards that quarter of the heavens just opposite to where the sun descended. What may that be shining so behind the trees? A fire? No, nothing like it, but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose it full of blood! This evening it is quite round, or, as they say, full moon. It will not be quite so round to-morrow evening; less so the next evening;

evening ; less the evening after ; and so on, decreasing something every evening, till at last it will be, in some sort, like a wire bent round into a semicircle, when a fortnight is gone.

It will then be new moon, and from day to day you will observe it afterward grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days more it will be again full moon, and rise, as it does now, behind the trees.

But pray, papa, inform me, how do both the sun and moon preserve their situations, unsupported in the air ? I always fear they cannot but fall down upon my head.

Fear nothing, dear Alexis : there is no danger. I will explain the reason why, when you can understand the matter ; so at present only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

To begin then with the sun : he says as follows : I am King of day. I rise, or make my first appearance in the East ; and what they call Aurora, or the dawn, precedes me, that mankind may know of my approach. I tap soon after at your window with a golden beam of light, to warn you of my presence. Rise, I say, rise lazy-

boots. I never shine that men may lie a bed and snore. I shine that they may wake, get up, and go to work.

I am the mighty traveller; and I run, rejoicing like a giant, quite across the heavens, without ever stopping; for at no time am I weary.

I have a crown of glorious radiance on my head. I shed this radiance round about me to a vast extent, and even over half the universe. Wherever I am present, all things are beautiful and bright.

I give heat too, as well as light. It is I who ripen with my beams the fruit in gardens, and the corn that grows in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing then could grow, and famished men would die of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness which you yourself dread so much.

I am higher than the hills and clouds. I should but need to come down a little towards the earth, and my devouring flame would burn it up as soon as you have seen the straw consumed which men toss in bundles into a furnace.

What

What a length of time has passed since first I gladdened the whole universe? Alexis, you were hardly in the world six years ago, but I was. I was in it when your dear papa was born, and many thousand years before; and I am not grown old yet.

At times I lay aside my crown of radiance, and surround my head with silver clouds. It is not so difficult to view me then; but when I dissipate those clouds about me, and burst forth in all my noon-day splendor, you could never bear the blaze: should you attempt to bear it, I should blind you. There is but one living creature that can look at me, and that living creature is the eagle, whom the birds confess their monarch. He can contemplate my glory with a steady eye wide open, while he views me.

This same eagle, darting from the summit of some elevated mountain, shapes his progress towards me with a towering wing, and soon is lost amid my beams, through which he darts to pay me homage every minute of the day. The lark, suspended in the air a great deal lower, sings, while I am rising, his best song, and wakes the

other birds that slumber in ten thousand trees. The cock, remaining on the ground, proclaims the time of my return to mortals with a piercing voice. But, on the other hand, the bat and owl avoid my presence : they fly from me with a plaintive cry, and hasten to take refuge in the ruins of those towers which I once saw proudly rising, domineering afterward for many ages over spacious countries, and then sinking with the burthen of old age.

My empire is not limited, like that of earthly monarchs, to a corner of the world. The universe at large is my dominion ; and besides, I am the most illustrious object that was ever gazed at.

But the moon says, in the next place, with a voice not half so much exalted as the sun's, I am the queen of night. I send my silver beams to give you light, as often as the sun withdraws at evening from the world.

You may keep looking at me without danger ; for I am never so resplendent as to dazzle the spectator, much less do I burn. I am so good-natured that I let poor glow-

glow-worms blaze among the hedges, which the sun, unpitying as he is, will not.

The stars shine round about me ; but I myself am far more luminous than any star : nay, all the stars together give not so much light as I do : and I seem among their multitude as if I were a fair round pearl, surrounded by ten thousand little diamonds.

When you lie asleep, I dart a beam of silver brightness through your curtains ; and my words are, Sleep on, little friend, in safety. You are tired. I will not disturb your slumber.

You have heard the nightingale. *She* sings for me, who sings much better than all other birds. She perches on a spray, and fills the forest with her music, no less sweet and gentle than my brightness, while the dew descends on every flower, and all is calm and silent in my empire..

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

A DRAMA, in Two ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CALVERT.

SERINA, *bis Daughter.*

EUSTACE, *bis Son.*

LIONEL, } *Friends to Eustace.*
RUFUS, }

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Calvert's house.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Serina (alone.)

A H! my poor little Diana! I shall never
be able to sit at work without you.
It was here, on this little cushion, that you
lay down beside me, while I was at my
needle. How joyful and pleased were we
both when you awoke! You would run,
shaking your tail, under the sofa, and
under



Cook's

The Greyhound & the Ring

ever
you.
you
my
we
run,
and
nder



under the chairs and tables, and then jump from one to the other. How happy did you appear when I took you in my lap ! How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me ! Oh ! how sorry shall I be if I never see you again ! I should never have lost you myself ; but that careleſs—

SCENE II.

Serina, Eustace.

Eustace, (overbearing these last words.) I see, my name is called in question.

Serina. Ay, whose else should it be ? If you had not been so positive in taking her out with you yesterday, she would not have been lost.

Eustace. That is true, and I am as sorry for it as you are : but what can I do now ?

Serina. Did I not beg of you to leave her at home ? but you could not go a step without having her at your heels.

Eustace. I own it. I was so pleased when she was along with me, to see her walk sometimes before me, and sometimes behind me. Then she would run from me as

if I was pursuing her, and come back again at full speed, and jump up about me so playful.

Serina. Then you should have taken better care of her.

Eustace. Yes, I should so. But as she used to go away from me, and come back of herself without any occasion for my calling her, I thought—

Serina. You thought?—you have never the least mistrust of any thing; and by that poor Diana was lost.

Eustace. I promise you, sister, the next time—

Serina. Yes, another time when we have nothing to lose. I could not sleep a quarter of an hour together all last night. I thought I heard her whining to me at a distance, and that I ran to the side from which her cries seemed to come. Then I awoke, and found myself alone. Poor thing! she, I dare say, is as dull too, for her part.

Eustace. Dear sister, it makes me doubly unhappy to see you grieve so. I would give all that I am worth in the world to have her again.

Serina.

Serina. Now you make me grieve still more. Why, don't you know at least where you missed her? One might enquire amongst all the neighbours thereabouts.

Eustace. I'd lay a wager she followed me into this street, and almost as far as our own house too. But as she runs up into every court smelling about, somebody must have shut their door upon her, and kept her in.

Serina. Yes, I dare say it was so; otherwise she would have come back to her lodging. She knows the way to it well enough.

Eustace. Lionel was along with me, and declared to me that he saw her but the moment before we missed her. And it was his fault; for he was playing such comical tricks as we walked along, that I forgot Diana just then.

Serina. Well, he should have helped you at least to look for her.

Eustace. So he did all yesterday evening, and to-day again very early. We went into all the streets and lanes round about, and searched every court and market near us. We enquired, in short, among all our acquaintances,

quaintances, but could hear nothing of her. Indeed, sister, I am ashamed to look you in the face. I know you must be angry with me.

Serina, (taking him by the hand.) No, I am not angry now. You did not mean to disoblige me ; and besides, you are so sorry yourself ! But who is this coming up stairs ? Go and see.

SCENE III.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel, (opening the door.) It is I, it is I, Eustace. Good morning to you, Miss Serina.

Serina. Good morning, Master Lionel.

Lionel. I have got a scent of Diana, and I hope pretty soon—

Serina. What ? to find her again ?

Lionel. I'll tell you. You know that old woman that lives at the corner of the street, and sells cakes and garden stuff ?

Serina. What ? has she my little dog ?

Lionel. No, no ; she is a very honest woman, and a good friend of mine. You know,

know, Eustace, that Diana too wanted, t'other day, to scrape acquaintance with her, standing up with her paws upon the counter, and smelling at the biscuits.

Eustace. O yes ; but her little fond tricks would not do there, for the old woman gave her a great stroke on the nose with her glove.

Serina. Oh ! that is nothing. Well, Master Lionel ?

Lionel. Well, just now I went to her shop to buy some cakes, and was telling her of our loss. What, says she, that little cur dog ?—

Selina. Cur dog, Master Lionel ? Don't call my pretty Diana so. I would rather not hear you talk of her at all.

Lionel. Nay, I only tell you her own words. That little cur dog, says she, that belongs to that pretty young gentleman, your acquaintance ? Yes, said I, the same. Well, you know another little master that lives here below, at the large house with the balcony ? It was he that coaxed her away.

Eustace. How ? could she mean Rufus ?

Lionel.

Lionel. Don't you remember that he was at the old woman's shop yesterday as we passed, and pretended not to see us, for fear of being obliged to offer us some of his walnuts?

Eustace. That is very true.. I recollect it now.

Lionel. Well, when we had past her house a little way, he called Diana as she was following us, and offered her a bit of cake; and while the poor thing was busy feasting herself, he snatched her up in his arms and carried her home. The good woman told me the whole trick.

Serina. An ill-natured creature! well, however, we know where she is. Brother, you had better go to him without any more ado.

Lionel. I am greatly afraid that he would not find her there. Rufus has taken her only to sell her, as he does his books, and whatever else he can purloin at his father's. He is capable of any thing. Why, we were playing at marbles t'other day, and he cheated.

Eustace. Ay? is that his way? I'll run to him this moment.

Lionel.

Lionel. You will not find him at home. I have just been there, and he was out.

Serina. Perhaps he bid them say that he was not at home.

Lionel. No; I went up to his room, and I told the maid that I wanted him to come and play at marbles, and that I would wait for him at your house.

Serina. He will never have the face to shew himself here, if he has really taken Diana.

Lionel. O! you do not know his assurance. He would come here on purpose, that you might not suspect him; but I'll convict him before you.

Serina. We must go cunningly to work and question him slyly, to make him discover the secret.

Lionel. I'll tell you. All the cunning required is to tell him at the first word that he is a rogue and a thief.

Eustace. No, no, my dear Lionel, that would only bring on a quarrel, and my papa would not have any here. Mild words, perhaps, will touch him better than reproaches or violence.

Serina.

Serina. Perhaps too he does not know that the little greyhound is ours.

Lionel. Not know! does not he see her along with your brother every day? he has played with her a hundred times, and stole her yesterday to sell her. That is just his character.

Eustace. Hiss! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus.

Rufus. They told me at home, Lionel, that you wanted me to play at marbles. Come, I am ready. Ah! Eustace, how do you do? Your humble servant, miss Serina.

Serina. You are going to your diversion, master Rufus. Nothing gives you uneasiness; but we are all in trouble here.

Rufus. What is the matter then?

Serina. We have lost our pretty little greyhound.

Rufus. Dear! that is a pity! she was a pretty little creature, indeed. Her body so handsome; a grey with black spots here and there, and her breast and forefeet and tail

all

all white. She is worth two guineas, if she is worth a farthing.

Serina. You know her so well! could not you help us to find her again?

Rufus. Do you take me for a dog-keeper? or am I obliged to look after yours?

Eustace. My sister did not mean to affront you, Rufus.

Serina. Oh dear! no. It was only a civil question. As you live in our neighbourhood, and she was lost not far off, I thought that you might have been able to give some account of her.

Lionel. Certainly, you could not apply to a better person.

Rufus. What do you mean by that, Master Lionel?

Lionel. What is best known to yourself; though I am perfectly acquainted too with the whole affair.

Rufus. If it were not out of respect to your sister—

Lionel. You should thank her yourself, that I do not chastise you for your impudence.

Eustace, (*taking Lionel aside.*) Softly, my dear Lionel, or we shall lose the greyhound.

Serina.

Serina. If, as you say, you have some regard for me, Master Rufus, be so good as to hear me attentively, and answer me, yes or no.

Lionel. And without shuffling.

Serina. Have not you our greyhound? or don't you know where she is?

Rufus, (*confused.*) I? I your greyhound?

Lionel. Do you stammer at the question? you have her. And I know the whole story too. You took her treacherously, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

Rufus. Who told you so?

Lionel. One that saw you do it.

Serina. I ask it as a favour of you, Master Rufus, to tell me is that true or false?

Rufus. And suppose I did give your dog a bit of cake, or that I took her up a moment to play with her, is that a reason that I should have her, or know what is become of her?

Serina. We do not say it is. We only ask you if you know where she is just now.

Eustace. Or if you did not keep her at your house last night out of a frolick, to frighten us a little, and afterwards to give us the pleasure of a surprise?

Rufus.

Rufus. What, do you take our house for a dog-kennel?

Lionel. He must have a vast deal of assurance!

Rufus. I have nothing to say to you. You may be counsellor for greyhounds as long as you will, I won't be examined by you.

Lionel. Because I have confounded you.

Serina. Softly, Master Lionel, you must be mistaken. I cannot suspect Master Rufus of so much meanness as to keep our dog if he had found it.

Eustace. If he had lost any thing, and I could give him an account of it, I would do it with pleasure. So he need not be angry at our questions.

Rufus. I am very angry at them, and I will make a complaint of it to your father.

Lionel. You had better come to the cake-woman's house; I will go along with you.

Rufus. It is very pretty of you, to believe such a prating gossip before me.

Lionel. Such gossips, however, have eyes and ears, and, as far as honesty is concerned, I should trust them sooner than you.

Rufus. I won't put up with this affront, and you shall pay for it. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel. What an impudent liar! I would lay my life that he has the dog. Did not you see how he was confounded when I told him flatly that he had her?

Serina. I cannot believe it yet, and indeed it would be quite too scandalous.

Lionel. You cannot believe it, miss, because your own heart is so good; for my part I can believe any thing of him.

Serina. I must own, however, that it was very rude not to answer our questions civilly.

Lionel. If you had not been here, miss, I would have tweaked him by the ears a little.

Eustace. Poo, Lionel, he is taller than you by the head.

Lionel. If he was twice as tall, I'll wager he is a coward. Did not you observe that he grew more impudent as we were more civil? and the harder I pushed him, the quieter he became. But I'll go and follow him and take Diana from him, wherever he has put her.

Serina.

Serina. Your pains will be to no purpose, master Lionel. Once more, I cannot believe it. He lives too near us, to expect to hide such a theft from us.

Eustace. I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out in a lie.

Lionel. No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her for sale.

Serina. O heavens! what an opinion you have of him!

Lionel. It is such as he deserves, and I'll go and convince you of it.

S C E N E VI.

Serina, Eustace.

Eustace. Lionel is too hot. He makes a terrible quarrel out of the smallest difference. If they must wrangle, I am glad at least that it is not here.

Serina. For then papa would give us a fine lesson. Lionel, I believe, is willing to serve us; but I am sorry that he seems to seek his own revenge more than our advantage.

Eustace. He desires no better than to be in every quarrel, and he has done us more harm

harm than good. If Rufus really stole Diana, he would return her to me sooner for good words than for threats. But here comes papa.

SCENE VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace.

Mr. Calv. What have you done to Rufus? He came to me as I was in my room, and seemed quite ruffled. He complains of you very much, but particularly of Lionel, and says that you accuse him of stealing Diana. Is she lost?

Eustace. Oh! yes, 'papa. I did not like to tell you, because I hoped every moment to find her again. She went astray from me yesterday evening.

Serina. Ah! you cannot imagine how sorry I am for her. I cried the best part of last night, when I awoke and missed her from my side.

Mr. Calv. Luckily, it is but a dog. Losses of much more consequence happen every day in the world, and we should early accustom ourselves to bear with them. But

you,

you, (*to Eustace*) why did not you take care of her?

Eustace. You are very right, papa. It was my fault. I should have left her at home, or else not have lost sight of her, since I took her in my charge. And I am sorry for it especially, on account of my sister, because Diana was hers more than mine.

Serina. I cannot be angry with my brother for it. I have sometimes vexed him without intention, and he has excused me.

Mr. Calv. Kiss me, my dear child; I love to see you bear a misfortune with courage; but I am still better pleased to see you, in the midst of your grief, not the least provoked against him that occasioned it.

Serina. My poor brother is sufficiently punished for his negligence, for he was as fond of Diana as I. She was all his amusement; and he grieves, besides, that he was the occasion of my uneasiness.

Mr. Calv. Always preserve these sentiments, my dear children, one towards the other, and indeed towards all your fellow-creatures, for they are of the same family.

I know many persons who, for such a trifle, would have turned away an honest servant.

Serina. Oh! heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a servant? A creature without reason to a person of our own kind?

Mr. Calv. Why do not all men make that difference as well as you, my dear child? We should not then know those who would rather see a poor child suffer hunger or thirst than a favourite dog; who shed tears at the indisposition of a spaniel, and look without pity on the lot of an unhappy orphan abandoned by all the world.

Serina. O papa! is it possible?

Mr. Calv. In return for the sentiment which draws that generous sigh from your breast, I promise you, my dear, a greyhound as handsome as the one that you have lost, if you are not lucky enough to find her again.

Serina. No, papa, I thank you. I have suffered too much from the loss of Diana. If she does not come back, I will never have another. I will not run the risque of grieving so again.

Mr. Calv. You carry things too far, my dear Serina. In that case we must resign

all the most agreeable pleasures of life. We should be afraid to love a friend, because death or absence might one day separate us from him. If you compare the pleasure which Diana's playful fondness has afforded you ever since she was born, to the short uneasiness that her loss occasions to you now, the first you will find exceeds the second by a great deal. Nothing is more natural than to be fond of a pretty little creature, like Diana; and indeed, it would be a mark of ingratitude in you—

Serina. Yes, if I did not think of her now, because she is not here to play about me.

Mr. Calv. What comforts me a little in this misfortune is, that from this you will be better enabled to bear, perhaps, a greater. Every thing that we possess upon earth may slip from our hands with the same readiness, and it is wise to accustom ourselves early to the most severe losses. But, with regard to our first subject of conversation, you have treated Rufus ill, it seems.

Serina. Not we, papa; we spoke to him very mildly. It was Lionel that touched him close a little.

Mr. Calv. And what did he say in answer?

Eustace. He defended himself but lamely. Indeed he was quite out of countenance at the first question.

Serina. But now I will ask you, papa, do you think that he could have the assurance to deny it, if he had really taken my greyhound?

Mr. Calv. I can say nothing as to that; but, I should think, his confusion could not come from a very clear conscience. However, that we may have no reproach to make to ourselves, concerning Diana, we must advertise her to-morrow in the public papers.

Eustace. But, papa, if she is really in his power, that trouble will be useless.

Mr. Calv. No, it cannot be useless. A dog requires to be fed, and is not so small or so quiet that it can be hid from every body's eyes. There may happen to be some person in his house honest enough to give us information of it. I will not apply to his father, I know his rude manners too well. Besides, he is offended with me for forbidding you too close an intimacy with his

his son. We must wait to see what our advertisement will produce.

Serina. I should have some hopes from it, if I were able to promise a large reward to whoever would bring me back the dog.

Mr. Calv. I shall take care of that. Come, Eustace, into my closet; we will put down her description, and you shall take it to the printing-office.

Serina. Oh! what joy it would be for the poor little creature, and me, to see each other once more!

A C T. II.

S C E N E I.

Eustace, Serina,

Eustace, (running into the room overjoyed.)
Sister! sister!

Serina. What is the matter? You seem to be in high spirits. Is Diana found?

Eustace. Diana? Oh! something much better. See, (*shewing a ring in a small case.*) look at what I have found not a yard from our door.

N 3

Serina.

Serina. Oh! the charming ring! But the stone that should be in the middle, where is that?

Eustace. I suppose it had fallen out. See here it is in a paper. Look at this diamond in the light. See how it sparkles! My papa's brilliant is not so large.

Serina. I pity him very much that has lost it.

Eustace. It is worse than to lose a greyhound.

Serina. Oh! I don't know that. My little Diana was so pretty, and so fond of us. And then we had her when a puppy. Oh! when I think how happy we were to see her learn new tricks as she grew bigger, and to amuse ourselves with her play, the finest ring that ever I could put on my finger would not make me half so happy.

Eustace. But with this ring you might buy a hundred greyhounds like her.

Serina. It should not buy mine, for all that. The person that lost the ring has others, perhaps, and I had only my poor Diana. I am worse off than he is.

Eustace. It must belong to a rich man. Poor people have not such toys as this.



Serina.

Serina. Yet if it was some unfortunate servant that lost it, in taking it to the jeweller—or if it was the jeweller himself; the diamond being loose would make one suspect so; what a misfortune it would be for the poor people!

Eustace. You are right. Well, now I am quite out of humour with my prize. We must ask papa's advice about it. Oh! this is lucky! here he comes.

SCENE II.

Mr. Calvert, Eustace, Serina.

Mr. Calv. Well, will the advertisement for your greyhound be in to-morrow's paper?

Eustace. Papa, I have not been at the office yet. Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found. (*Gives him the case.*)

Mr. Calv. A very fine diamond, indeed.

Eustace. An't it? This is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

Mr. Calv. Yes, if it were your own. Do you intend to keep it?

Eustace. Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

Mr. Calv. Did any body see you take it up?

Eustace. No, papa.

Serina. For my part, I should never rest until I knew who owned it.

Eustace. Let the owner shew himself, and certainly the ring shall not stay long in my hands. No, that would be as bad as if I had stolen it. We must give every one his own.

Mr. Calv. You will not be, perhaps, so well pleased then?

Eustace. Why not, papa? I own, I did not think of any thing at first but my good luck in finding such a jewel. I looked upon it as already my property: but my sister has given me an idea of the trouble that he must feel who lost it. I should be much happier in putting an end to his uneasiness, than in keeping this ring, which would make me blush every time that I looked at it.

Serina. There is so much pleasure in comforting those who are troubled. For that reason, I cannot imagine that Rufus or

any

any other could be so ill-natured as to keep my Diana, if he knew how sorry I am for her.

Mr. Calv. (*kissing them.*) Amiable little innocents! My dear children, how I rejoice in being your father! Let such generous sentiments continue to spring up and gain strength in your hearts. They will be the foundation of your own happiness and that of your fellow-creatures.

Serina. You give us the example, papa. How should we have other sentiments?

Eustace. Oh! I'll go and shew my prize to every body; and we should advertise both together in the papers, that we have lost a greyhound and found a ring.

Mr. Calv. Not so fast, my dear; there are precautions to be taken. There might be some people who would claim the ring, without being the owners.

Serina. Oh! I should be as cunning as they. I would ask them first how it was made, and I would not give it to any but him that told me very particularly.

Mr. Calv. That way is not the surest, neither. A person may have seen it upon

the owner's finger, and come here before him to demand it.

Serina. Ah! papa, I see you know better how to manage than we do.

Mr. Calv. The loser will think it worth while to make every enquiry after so valuable an article. So we must wait.

Eustace. But if they should not think of doing so?

Serina. We thought of doing so for Diana; certainly others will for a diamond.

Mr. Calv. Meanwhile I shall take care of it; and do you be cautious not to speak of it to any body.

S C E N E III.

¶ *Eustace, Serina.*

Eustace. It is very stupid, for all that, not to be able to talk, when one has any thing so agreeable to tell. I should have been so happy to shew every body my ring!

Serina. And why, since you neither can, nor would keep it? There is no great merit in finding any thing valuable in the street.

Eustace.

Eustace. That is true; but what I tell you is very true too.

Serina. People say of the ladies, that they cannot keep a secret. Let us see which of us two will be most discreet.

Eustace. For fear my secret should want to escape, I will think of nothing but Diana; and now I'll go to the printing-office with the advertisement.

Serina. Go, brother; do not lose a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

S C E N E IV.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Lionel, (to *Eustace*, who is going out.) Where are you going, *Eustace*?

Eustace. I have something particular to do.

Lionel. Oh! before you go, you must listen to a story that I have to tell you. It will make you die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Eustace. I have not time for laughing now.

Lionel. You will laugh in spite of yourself. Only listen. We have got full satisfaction.

Eustace. Full satisfaction? Of whom?

Lionel. Of Rufus. He has lost his father's ring. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Eustace and Serina look at each other with an air of surprise.*)

Serina. His father's ring?

Lionel. It is true. He had it given to him this morning to take to the jeweller's, to have the middle diamond set in again, that had fallen out. (*Eustace jogs Serina; she makes a sign to him to be silent.*) He had it when he came here; but as he went away, quite flustered with anger, the case of the ring must have dropt out of his pocket as he whisked along.

Serina. And have you seen him since he lost it? How does he look?

Lionel. Frightened out of his wits.

Serina. Does his father know it?

Lionel. There he has drawn himself into a fresh scrape, by telling a great fib. When his father asked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller, he answered, with the greatest assurance, that he had.

Serina. Unhappy creature!

Lionel. Why you pity him, do you?

Eustace. Indeed he is to be pitied.

Lionel. He? I wish you had seen what game I made of him.

Serina. What did you find so comical in all that?

Lionel. How? don't you take the jest? To see him running from shop to shop, inquiring about his ring, and plucking every one by the skirt that passed. I stuck close to him, to enjoy his distress, and at last he came up to me: "Have not you found it? Have you heard nothing of it?" What is it to me? said I to him. Am I your ring keeper?—"If you knew what it was worth!" So much the better for him that has found it. "And then my father, what will he say?" Why, he'll talk to you with a good stick.

Serina. Fie! master Lionel, that was very cruel of you.

Lionel. He had not more feeling for you.

Eustace. Should we be ill-natured then, even towards those that are so themselves?

Lionel. Oh! revenge is sweet, and I never have any compassion for them that offend me. If I had the good luck to find his ring, he should not have it so soon.

Serina.

Serina. Would you keep it then?

Lionel. Oh! no. I would give it to him after his father had threshed him well.

Eustace. I should never have thought you so ill-natured, Lionel.

Serina. And I cannot believe it, though I hear it from his own mouth. You were so much concerned about my poor greyhound. It seems, it was not in earnest.

Lionel. It was from the bottom of my heart. I love those dearly, that I do love; but when I hate any one, I hate him heartily.

S C E N E V.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus.

Lionel. Heh! there he comes. (*Points at him with his finger.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Rufus. Oh! pray now forgive me. I have been very bad, to be sure, but I have been full as unfortunate. I am punished now, and well punished too, for—

Lionel. Have you stuck up hand-bills concerning your ring?

Rufus. I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hide myself.

Lionel.

Lionel. I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. We shall find them both together.

Rufus. I have deserved your jeers ; but, for pity's sake—

Eustace. Make yourself easy, Rufus ; your ring is here.

Rufus, (*astonished.*) What, have you it ? You my ring ?

Lionel, (*aside to Serina.*) He is making game of him : that is right.

Rufus. But is it really so ? Oh ! on my knees I'll—— But stay—you shall first hear how wicked I have been.

S C E N E VI.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Serina. What is the meaning of that ? He is gone off.

Eustace. I am afraid the poor boy has lost his wits.

Lionel. Your joke, for all that, may cost you dear. If he goes and fetches his father to demand the ring ?

Eustace. Do you think then that I wish to keep it ?

Lionel.

Lionel. Why, have you actually the ring?

Eustace. Certainly I have it, otherwise I should not have said so. I picked it up close by our door.

Lionel. Indeed you are too good. He does not deserve to be so happy. You should have left him a little longer in pain, at least.

Serina. How, Lionel? Does not my brother's example move you? Do you know that you lose ground now very much, in his friendship and mine?

S C E N E VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace, Lionel.

Mr. Calv. What is the matter with Rufus? I saw him from my window, come in here all in tears.

Serina. The poor boy was half dead.

Eustace. It was he who lost the ring that I found. It belongs to his father.

Mr. Calv. Have you convinced him of the meanness of his behaviour towards us?

Lionel. Dear sir, no. Diana has not been so much as mentioned.

Mr. Calv. At least I would have insisted upon

upon his returning her. He should not hear of his ring without that.

Eustace. Ah! papa, my heart would not let me be so harsh. I saw Rufus so afflicted.

Serina. Though I love Diana very well, I could not possibly think of her just then, nor of any thing but the grief of that unfortunate boy.

Mr. Calv. You have both acted generously, and you are my dear children, my best friends, all my joy, and all my pride. None but base souls would insult the distress of an enemy that is fallen. But where is Rufus? Why did not he ask for the ring as he went away?

Eustace. He was so transported with joy, that he did not know what he was doing.

Serina. He ran towards the door, and went out as if he were mad.

Eustace. O! papa, did you but know how overjoyed I am to see you approve my behaviour, and my sister's!

Mr. Calv. Could you believe me insensible to a generous action?

Eustace. Because you had forbidden me—

Mr. Calv. I forbade you to speak unguardedly about the ring, but I did not tell
you

you to keep it, when the owner should appear.

SCENE VIII.

*Mr. Calvert, Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus
(having the greyhound under his arm.)*

Serina, (with an exclamation of joy.) Ah! Diana! my dear Diana! (She runs to her, takes her up in her arms, and caresses her.)

Rufus. You see how much I was to blame, and how little I deserved your generosity. Can you pardon me this fraud, and my unworthy behaviour? (*Perceiving Mr. Calvert.*) Oh! sir, how bad I must appear in your eyes!

Mr. Calv. A person is no longer so when he acknowledges his fault, and endeavours, as you do, to repair it. Here is your father's ring.

Rufus. I am ashamed and sorry to have offended so excellent friends. What difference between them and me! How wicked I am, and how generous are they!

Serina. It is only a little prank of yours, Master Rufus, and you would not have let the day pass without returning Diana to me.

Rufus.

Rufus. You think too well of me. I had hid her up in the garret, and—

Mr. Calv. We don't wish to know any more. It is sufficient that you are sorry for what you have done. You now see yourself, that bad actions make God and man our enemies, and are always discovered sooner or later. I should take the liberty too of proposing to you as a model, the behaviour of my children, generous little creatures ! How should I thank heaven for sending me such a gift ! You see, the most noble and certain revenge is that of doing kindnesses, and that nothing is more worthy of a great spirit, than to repay ill-nature with good offices.

Rufus. Oh ! I feel that now myself with the most lively sorrow. (*To Eustace and Serina.*) Will you ever forgive me !

Eustace, (*taking his hand.*) Yes, from this moment, and sincerely.

Serina. I have my Diana once more, and all is forgot.

Rufus, (*to Lionel.*) We should be unworthy of this pattern if we did not follow it.

Lionel. I am as much ashamed as you, and this lesson shall not be lost on me.

Rufus.

Rufus. I have just confessed all to my father. In proportion as he was angry with me, he was touched with your generosity. He requests permission to come in about an hour hence, to thank you, and to beg your acceptance of a small token of his gratitude.

Mr. Calv. No, there is no occasion for any presents. For doing well, my children desire no reward but from themselves. Besides, restoring a person his property is no more than a strict duty.

Eustace. How pleasing to perform that duty! I have gained a friend for my whole life; have not I, Rufus?

Rufus. If I could be worthy of that honour. I shall do every thing in my power to be so.

Lionel. Do not exclude me from your friendship. I was no better than Rufus; but I have just now felt in how noble a way the generous can take revenge.

Serina, (*careressing the greyhound.*) Ah! little runaway! this will teach you another time to stray from your masters: you have passed a night in prison for it. Offer to do so again, and you'll see!—Well, what would be

be the consequence? Ah! no, whatever you do, I find I shall always be fond of you.

THE ALPS.

THE sun was rising in the heavens. The dew drops, which are seen on every leaf so early in the morning, glittered with the colours of the rainbow; and the shadows of the trees were shortening on the ground, when Damon, holding his son, a grown-up lad, by the hand, came out, and sat down on his garden terrace, to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

Dearest father, said the son, pray wake me always at this hour; for I am charmed with contemplating such a scene as I now see all round me! How delightful the whole prospect! But perhaps it would be more so, were it not confined by yonder mountains, which lift up their snowy tops so high, that any one would suppose them to prop the clouds above them.

I do not think as you do, said the father. Those same mountains leave us space enough, and *that* made up of fields and meadows,

meadows, to contemplate; and by thus confining, as you say, the prospect, help to vary it; and more particularly so at evening, when the sun still tips them with a thousand streaks of gold, even after the whole level plain is dark.

When we shall once have visited those mountains, and considered its inhabitants, you will be pleased with contemplating on them, I am certain, since they cannot but suggest agreeable sensations.

How can men, said the youth, be fond of living on such mountains, covered as they are with snow?

They do not live there, said Damon; you will seek in vain to find inhabitants upon the heights: it is at the bottom of the mountains that they are situated. There are charming vallies stretched among them; but before the traveller can obtain them, he discerns no prospect save that of barren rocks. This prospect being passed, he comes to wide extended carpets of the greenest sod; he breathes an air embalmed on all sides by ten thousand odoriferous flowers that grow there; and his ear is pleasingly affected by the murmurs of as

many

many streams descending from the summit of the hills. The sun, by shining on them with his noon day radiance, makes them put on the appearance of the brightest silver. And amongst them, some, precipitated from a rock, re-echo when they reach the bottom, and *there* rise in clouds, as one may say, of dust, that yield a trembling kind of light. Their passage is distinguished by a multitude of charming flowers which blossom on the margin ; and the flowers, whose stalks wave to and fro, obedient to the breeze that agitates them, and the waters that flow in among them, heighten the delightful prospect.

Spring is very late, and harvest very early, in this region ; whence it happens that the ground brings forth no other sort of grain than what is sowed some little while before the summer, and grows ripe betimes in autumn : hence, too, it comes that the fields are shaded by no other trees than those producing cherries, plums, and other early fruit. Here and there the traveller meets with hamlets ; and the houses being made of wood, are so much blackened by the sun, as to afford a very striking contrast

contrast with the smiling verdure of the little orchards that surround them.

In those hamlets live many innocent and happy families, which, for the space of five or six months, are almost buried under snow. As long as that sad season lasts, they take the greatest care imaginable of their little flocks; at times they visit one another, spin the flax which they have gathered beforehand, and make different articles of furniture in wood, which they either use themselves, or are sure to sell for money to their neighbours.

As soon towards summer as the sun has melted that vast heap of snow which covered all their fields and habitations, and the river that flows through their vallies has completely carried off the water with which their lands were overflowed, all the men begin to cultivate their fields or meadows, and the women labour in their gardens. During summer, the industrious father of his family repairs to other districts with the produce of his labours, and brings back, in barter for them, those conveniences of life which are not to be had for money even in his hamlet.

Many

Many travel upon mules, and cross their craggy hills along such paths as have been cut through rocks, and those, too, over frightful precipices. They transport to very distant parts the honey which they have stored in autumn, which is universally acknowledged to be excellent. They likewise traffic in skins of goats, which they entrap while climbing up the rocks, or find among them dead. Another article of merchandize for which they are distinguished, is the dormouse. This animal, benumbed by the excessive cold, retains in holes and cavities, which she digs for herself to serve by way of habitation, and in which she lies rolled up almost like a ball, and on a bed of hay, that heat and life which, with returning spring, the sun expands; and a fourth great object of their commerce is the crystal, which they contrive to quarry in the gaps or chasms of their highest rocks. And many, on the other hand, are guides to foreigners who have the curiosity to travel over, and inspect their frozen mountains.

I myself have been upon them, like many others, guided in my way by one of

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those good men.—I call them good, in opposition to the multitudes that live in towns and civilized society.—But yet they have lost a great deal of their natural simplicity by frequent converse with such foreigners as have employed them for guides. I admired the people, and their way of living ; therefore, having satisfied my curiosity upon the mountains, I determined to remain among them some few days, that I might gain a better knowledge of their manners.

I must let you know what conversation I heard pass between the wife and child of *my conductor* while I lived among them. I was sitting on the grass, beneath a pine-tree : Julian, my conductor, had that day set out before the dawn, to guide two English gentlemen, who came on the preceding evening to inspect the mountains. It was still broad day-light, but the sun was rapidly descending towards the west. The mother ascended upon a rising ground ; the son came after her. They fixed their eyes upon the icy masses which advanced their craggy cliffs on the other side of the valley, and the wife began as follows :

The

The Mother. I am looking to no purpose. I discover nothing. I do not see him yet.

The Son. Let us go to yonder rock before us, shaded by those trees, and we shall see much better thence. There we shall be able to discern more plainly all that quarter of the mountain where my father, I suppose, must be.

The Mother. Well, we are now got to it; notwithstanding which, I can distinguish nothing more than from the spot that we have left. It is all lost labour: he does not appear. And yet the sun is nearly setting, and the day will soon close in.

The Son. O! mother, we shall yet have two full hours of day-light.

The Mother. And perhaps he may be four or five leagues distant. Who can tell exactly where he is? I wish he would give over wandering thus among the mountains. Never does he set out on his journies, but I tremble, lest unfortunately he should not return alive: or else come back with broken limbs, by falling down upon the ice, or while he scales the rocks.

The Son. I need not tell you that he has promised to drive this trade no longer,

when the profits which he has made shall be enough to buy the little field between our cottage and the *Arva*.—We shall then live comfortably, with our flock, our honey, fruits, and field of barley.

The Mother. Ah! dear son, I should much rather wish to live in less abundance, so that I might only have more peace of mind. The happy days which we are to have when he has obtained this field, will have been bought too dearly, at the price of that distress and trouble which these his journeys cost. But do not I see him? No, not yet. If he should be obliged to stay all night upon the ice!—If it—but you have got, I see, that spying-glass which a traveller lately left behind him in our hut, and that brings objects fifty furlongs off as near as if they were but ten. Look therefore if there is nothing to be seen. You know the use of it extremely well; but I, for my part, ~~not~~ at all.

The Son. I will rest the end of it on this old trunk. I think, I ~~see~~—yes, mother—something, and it moves.—It is he, I verily believe!—Yes, yes, it is he indeed!—He is walking on the broken flakes of ice that

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lie near yon big rock, and which, last month you know, were separated from it.

The Mother. Let me have the spying-glass. Quick ! quick ! perhaps, too, I may see him.—I must shut one eye, you say ?—I have ;—but I distinguish nothing. Every thing is black.—Stay, stay. O now I see the rock !—and likewise men ! and Julian is among them ! But I have lost them now : they are out of sight : I cannot recover them again. Hold you the glass ; I shall perhaps discern them with my naked eye.—Yes, yes, I see them. They are coming on, and in the middle of the valley. Julian, I can see, comes first.

The Son. They stop : my father sticks his pole into the ice before him, and prepares to take a spring. There, there ! he is up, and down again. No doubt but there was one of those large gaps before him in the ice, of which he has so often told us. What can cause them ?

The Mother. I do not know exactly ; but have heard that when the ice below is melted, that above it, having no support, gives way, and opens with a noise which one may hear a great way off. You have

observed the great round table in our curate's kitchen? Well, the leg which supported it in the middle was much higher than the others, and one day the sides had many heavy things laid on them. Unexpectedly it split exactly in the middle, and the crack grew wider, till the sides could rest upon the shorter legs. And now I suppose these gaps are so occasioned likewise. But look once again, and see what they are doing. They seem standing still. The gap sure does not prevent them from advancing?

The Son. I can see their countenances very plainly. They seem asking one another what they ought to do. Ah! now my father takes a second spring; and now he is got safe over one more gap.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. What rashness! He might slip in springing, or when over; or he might not, possibly, spring far enough, and drop into the gap. He does not take a single step but what he knows, as well as I do, makes my heart sink within me. He should think that it is not impossible but I may see him; he should argue within himself, and say, My wife *does* see me, and my danger frights her.

The

The Son. He is very far, perhaps, from guessing what we are about now.

The Mother. He knows that, while he is absent on this dangerous busineſs, I ſend forth my eyes to ſeek him. Would to hea-ven I could but shut them.

The Son. Yes, let us do ſo, mother. Let us put our hands before them, and not look again till he has cleared the valley, and is ſafe.

The Mother. I cannot. I had rather tremble every moment for his ſafety, than loſe ſight of him, though for a moment only. But where is he? I can ſee him now no longer.

The Son. Nor I either.—They have diſ-appeared. Ah, mother!

The Mother. My poor child! embrace me. We are now left to ouरſelves, and I have nothing in the world to comfort me but you. Yes, they have diſappeared indeed; and in a moment too! I did but turn away my eyes to fix them upon you, and in that instant they are vaniſhed! An abyſs perhaps has opened under them as they were going on: perhaps they may be tossing in it, not yet dead, but making un-

availing efforts to get out, and calling for assistance with a voice which no one, unhappily, is nigh enough to hear. I will hasten to the spot : come, follow me, my child ! My knees knock one against another, and will hardly bear my body up ; but I shall soon find strength sufficient to go forward. Come ; but stay a little !—Do not you, dear child, see something there in motion ? There, just where I point to ; at the bottom of yon rock ?

The Son. Yes, yes ; I think I do.—It is one of them.—It is one them, indeed ; and now I can discern the other. I can see his hat ; but still I look in vain to find out my poor father.

The Mother. He will come, and I dare hope to see him very soon. The gentlemen must first have got out of the frozen valley, and they hide him from us. Doubtless it will not be long before we see him. Look again, my child.

The Son. I can see only the two gentlemen ; my father is not with them.

The Mother. And the gentlemen, do they seem waiting for him then ? Have they their faces

faces turned towards the place from which they come?

The Son. No; they walk strait forward.

The Mother. Then so much the better. If your father were not following them, or could not, they would hardly do so: they would try whatever they were able to assist him in his danger.

The Son. Yes, yes; we should do as much; but they, on the other hand, seem rich; and I have often heard that such despise the poor.

The Mother. Not all; and then, too, they are men, and must be sensible of people's misery like others. Would not you stretch forth a hand to help your little dog, were he in danger? Would you leave him unassisted?

The Son. No, indeed: but why? because I love him: and do rich men love the poor? I have had money given me by one rich man to fight my play-mate.—Ah! I think I see my father now; yes, there he is! yes, yes, indeed; and, as you said, behind the gentlemen.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. Thank God! But still my heart beats grievously.

grievously. I am in a tremble: So let us both sit down; we will have our eyes fixed on them till they are safe on this side of the valley; and by that time, as I hope, my agitation will be calmed. Methinks they come on very quick. No doubt they wish to end their journey before day shuts in. Look, son: I fancy they are drawing nigh a precipice before them; and my fears again come on me.

The Son. It is a mass of ice that forms a hollow underneath. It looks as if it were suspended in the air, and they do not seem to know their danger; for they stop.

The Mother. They stop! and may, perhaps, without expecting it, be swallowed up, or buried in the ruins, should the ice fall down! It will fall down, and I shall see—oh, heavens! fly for your life, my Julian! my dear Julian! fly! see what a mass of ice may overwhelm you! Fly!—My voice, alas! at such a distance, is not to be heard. My cries are useless, I am distracted!

The Son. Mother, I can see no longer through the spying-glaſs, because I cry; and yet I cannot take away my eyes. But now

now I see again. Yes, there they are, and they have cleared the precipice, quite cleared it. They are out of danger now : I see them : they turn back to view the rock under which they have passed, perhaps, without knowing at the time what peril they encountered. They lift their arms up ; they are talking to each other ; they are looking at some object that astounds them.

The Mother. They are out of danger ; that is enough for me. I see them : they have nothing now but level ground remaining. Kiss me, my dear child ! and let us both pass on to meet your father. But at no time in my life shall I forget what I have felt this afternoon. Let us make all possible haste, and beg that he would no more thus venture into danger. We shall have the little field, in that case, somewhat later ; or it may be not at all ; and it is no matter. We have lived till now without it : our enjoyments have not been on that account the less ; we have in short been happy, and what more can we desire ? I shall not for the future know that he is returning to those frozen regions, without fearing every danger that I know, and such as I can but guess.

He may, perhaps, be safe seated at his ease beneath a tree ; but I shall fancy that I behold him struggling in a gap, and striving to get out. Whatever money he receives from those whom he may conduct,—if he but loves us, he should think that he buys it at a price too dear.

The mother and the son upon this went forward, and I followed them till they had gained the valley. They pressed on to meet a husband, and a father ; and at last, when they observed him with the Englishmen draw near, they durst not note him. They sat down together, let him pass, and then got up and followed slowly after. It was not before they reached their cottage, that the wife and son ran both to Julian, and together sunk into his arms. The son related every thing which they had both seen and feared. The mother did not speak at first ; but when she saw her husband touched by the affectionate behaviour of his son, she once again embraced him, and shed tears. He promised that he would never more affright her by returning to the ice, but cultivate his field in peace.



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